

THE  
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

APRIL, 1846.

THE BOA-CONSTRUCTOR.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

THIS scene and reptile should be in some Asiatic, tropical region. And how thankful should we "temperate" people be, that a monster so hideous and so destructive has no approach to us!

The mind is filled with wonder *wherefore* these things are; yet not for a moment does it stagger our faith in the beneficence of Heaven, that they are allowed an existence. That it is good, upon the whole, cannot be doubted. God, who created angels and men, did, also, on the sixth day, "create every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth." Moreover, "God saw every thing that he had made; and behold it was very good."

Had we not this Scripture, nature herself would be sufficient authority for this idea, for the *use*—though, may-be, yet unknown to science—of every thing and creature comprised in the creation. Analogy, that unerring creed of the philosopher, warrants, even to our ignorance, a certain *mission* to all that lives. The serpent of the dust shall render that dust less deleterious to humanity. Without injuring himself, the reptile is bade do good to man. The malaria of the dank masses of vegetation which fester, and ripen, and rot in the humid fatness of tropical climates, are *food* for such as these.

Mark, too, how nature has implanted an instinctive horror of these monsters, guarding us from their haunts, and forewarning us of their venom—venom collected in defense of all men; whilst one, in many thousands, is the "scape-goat" of the sacrifice. And even thus does it fall throughout the whole of nature. The lightning's shaft, the cleansing fire of heaven, shooting in direct lines, finds ever, now and then, a human target on which to spend its fullness. And so in all.

As to the truth of the representation of this plate, we confess it is not very impressive upon us. His snakeship, though of sufficient dimensions, is not made to seem so powerful as might be; the curvature of the neck, for instance, is not, either in its anatomy or shading, as overpoweringly malicious and diabolical as should be. It would seem, in fact, not militant, but barely defensive. If the creature

were in a gorged state, this would not be surprising; but he has not yet demolished his victim. How far these "snake doctors" may have "mesmerized" the animal, we cannot say. But we do say, he is a very quiescent snake, considering the number of persons, and of deadly weapons, by which he is assaulted. We may assume, perhaps, that he is already disabled, and can make but weak demonstrations. But this aspect, were a nullifying of the subject, which would not suit its object.

These Asiatics must themselves be fully possessed of the efficacy of their antidotes, or they would not adventure, as it were, within the very folds of the monster. Their attitudes seem sufficiently energetic; if combined with this there were some degree of natural revulsion expressed, the piece would be more impressive.

It is a good name, that of the delineator. Yet it is not probable that he ever saw the snake or the scene. Seeing it, we may believe he would hardly sit, tablets in hand, for an accurate transcript. Still, if he had seen it, some more of the life—of the vital horror of the thing were here.

The drawing of the trees, and the landscape altogether, is good, and the shading of the snake, generally, admirable.

The character of snakes, as a genus, is less fully treated of by zoologists than other of their classifications, for the very good reason that the approach is less frequent and *less familiar* than in other departments. No doubt there is, here and there, an obscure and sequestered individual, who, in reality, knows more about them than the book-people, or even the philosophers (we beg their pardons) do; for it is a matter of "personal acquaintance" to know them well; and some have a genius this way. But these, as we have said, are not book-people; and their lore, being not chronicled, probably perishes in the wilds where it was collected.

Mr. Pierpont, in his "Airs of Palestine," tells us of the magnanimity and generosity of a certain species, (the rattlesnake,) with some instances. But whether this were collected from a reliable source or not, makes the whole difference of its merit and authority.

## THE BIBLE.

BY BISHOP MORRIS.

IN reading mere human productions, however excellent, the mind becomes weary. The most attractive work among them, on the second or third perusal, begins to lose its interest. But not so of the Bible. Drawn from the fountain of all wisdom and goodness, its themes are sublime, its depths are fathomless, and its variety is infinite. The oldest, closest, and most uniform readers, pronounce it always new and ever fresh. Each repeated perusal, leads to the discovery of new beauties and unknown excellences. The more they read, the more they desire to read it; and the longer they read, the better they love to read it. The Bible is emphatically the Book—the Book of books—yea, the Book of God. It is a rich boon from our heavenly Father, to his children of all ages and nations—the people's book—the heavenly chart, with which alone life's boisterous seas can be safely navigated. Its precepts are so simple that the most ignorant may understand them, while its mysteries are so profound that the most learned could never have invented them. If the Bible were perfectly comprehensible in all its parts, by one human mind, that might suggest doubts of its being a revelation from heaven, for all the world of intellectual beings. Its sublime mysteries, so far from discrediting, only confirm its claims to a divine origin. Many of the precious truths of this sacred volume, such as that of the resurrection of the body, are purely matters of revelation, and could never have been discovered by the light of reason. The same may be said of all things future, which the prophets have made known; "For the prophecy came not in old time by the will of man; but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." Hence, the authority of its commands, the terror of its denunciations, and the consolation of its promises. While all things in the Bible, essentially connected with doctrine, experience, and practice, are sufficiently plain for ordinary readers, its resources are so boundless, as to call into requisition all the research of the learned, directed by the strongest intellect, without exhaustion. What are all the treasures of classic lore compared to the "word of life?" For depth of wisdom, beauty of style, and sublimity of thought, it surpasses the sages of Greece, the orators of Rome, and all the literati of modern times. The far-famed British, and other poets, are thrown into the shade by the Book of Job, the Psalms of David, and the prophetic visions of Isaiah. All the works of fiction, by the most popular authors, may be safely challenged to produce one single essay, that would bear any just comparison to the simple, veritable, and pathetic narrative of Joseph and his brethren. As to the sermon upon the mount, and all other discourses of our Lord and Savior, it is

enough to recite the concession of his enemies: "Never man spake like this man."

Why should a man expend thousands of dollars for a mass of books, and commit himself to the toil of a lifetime in examining them, when, for a few shillings, he can obtain the Book which contains more wisdom, and is of infinitely more importance than all the libraries in the world? Nor is this saying too much for the Bible, which dates back near two thousand years beyond the oldest history extant, and by prophecy extends forward to the end of time. If all human productions, from the first imperfect scrawl on bark or skin, down to the ornamented volumes of 1846, be placed in one scale, and a single plain copy of the Bible in the other, in point of real value, it outweighs them all. Would you learn the origin of the world, and the years of its existence? instead of resorting to geology, and dealing in uncertain conjecture and inference, go to Genesis, and read an authentic history of the creation of all things from nothing. The earth first arose, without form and void, and darkness covered the face of it; but, under the plastic hand of the Creator, assumed its proper shape and function. "And God said, Let there be light: and there was light." The sun took his appropriate position, and the rolling planets were distributed around him, so as to receive his light and heat. The whole system was then put in motion by its Author; and, for near six thousand years, has never, for one moment, ceased to move. As yet there were none to till the earth, or rule the multitudes of its living creatures; but the Lord God formed man out of the dust, breathed on him and he lived, having dominion over every living thing on the earth. From his rib, God made woman to be the companion and help-meet of man. And from them have descended all the babbling tribes of humanity. Would you know whence came death and all the woes of man? Read it in the history of the fall. Do you desire to learn what is the only remedy for sin and its miseries? It is all comprehended in this, Christ died for our sins and rose again for our justification. Are you still prostrated, fettered, and powerless under the bondage of sin? Accept of his free, unmerited advocacy, nothing doubting, and you are "redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled." Such are the history and doctrine of the Bible. It guides the pilgrim stranger, through this howling wilderness, in the path of safety. It hangs out the lamp of its exceeding great and precious promises, to pilot him over the gulf stream of death; and leads him forth with songs of deliverance to join his friends in the deathless regions of immortality, where the river of life glides for ever, amidst the beauties of perennial spring.

Now the Bible, which alone affords any satisfactory information of our origin, duty and end, or any assurance of a higher and happier state of existence than the present, is alike suited to all classes of society, and to all the circumstances of human life.



It is the plain Christian's manual, and the learned man's text-book; the rich man's monitor, and the poor man's treasure; the traveler's guide, and the mariner's chart; the widow's companion, and the orphan's guardian. It is the basis of legislation, and the standard of morals; it binds over the witness, juror, attorney, and judge to a future reckoning, and requires the administration of universal justice, according to the golden rule, of doing unto all men as we would they should do unto us. It checks the turbulent passions of the wicked, protects the rights of the innocent, and enjoins peace on earth and good will to man. It tunes the harp of the musician, furnishes the song of devotion, and kindles the fires of eloquence. It imparts light to the ignorant, and peace to the broken-hearted; relieves the oppressed of their burden, and breaks the wizard spell of superstition. It is the sick man's consolation, and sustains the dying man's hope. The final inference is, there should be, at least, as many Bibles in the world as there are rational beings, and every man, woman, and child, should own a copy.

#### MY STEP-MOTHER.

AMONG my earliest pleasant memories, is that of my loved step-mother. My father landed at one of our American seaports, a stranger in a foreign land. Fatal disease soon sealed the fate of the dear partner of his hopes, leaving with him three babes, a mother's prayer, and a mother's blessing. In process of time, a gentle being became the orphan's mother, and the stranger's friend.

Probably no member of society is, and has been, more unjustly treated and persecuted, than the step-mother. To some, it seems a peculiar pleasure to serve up, for criticism, the character of every step-mother of their acquaintance. How unjust! how unchristian! Can we expect that the step-mother will, at all times, and in the same degree, feel such maternal yearnings toward those borne and cradled by another, as toward her own offspring—those over whom, in tender infancy, she has wept and smiled? Is it in consonance with nature? And yet there are those in whose families the distinctions which nature would authorize, could not be noticed except by them, to whose acute vision lynx-eyed jealousy has imparted the keenest edge. Having been educated, instructed, loved, and cherished by a beloved step-mother—having seen the kindness, self-denial, patience, and love of some filling this honorable and responsible station, I have no patience with the criticisms of those, who, if placed in the same situation, I doubt not, would exhibit, in bold relief, the very traits of character they so earnestly condemn.

The original of my sketch was one of those mothers, in whose families the natural and adopted children are alike. O, how well I remember the kindness of that mother—long since “lost to sight,”

but still “to memory dear.” And could I now address her spirit, how ardently would I thank her for her tenderness; and how earnestly would I implore her forgiveness for the many pangs my childish waywardness must have inflicted. She it was that taught my infant mind to recognize the great truths of religion, and to peruse and treasure up the sacred Word. She was my confident—my guide. If any petition was to be presented to the paternal branch of domestic authority, she was my intercessor. But sickness and death sever the most cherished connections. On my return from a journey, a summons brought me to the bedside of my dying mother. Nature was nearly exhausted; but, with her remaining strength, she exhorted me to meet her in heaven. I was not permitted to be near her in her last moments. Imperative duty demanded my absence for a week. How unwillingly was that journey taken, and what a week of suspense, solicitude, and prayer! One day was a day of fasting, humiliation, and earnest entreaty. As I rode along and saw the many healthful forms around me, I often thought, how little of that superabundant health would secure the life of my dear mother. It was bitter to think

“That she should die,  
And life be left to the butterfly.”

During the week, no news reached me from my far-off home. The week and the journey were drawing to a close, when, meeting with an acquaintance, in answer to my eager inquiries, he informed me that the loved object of my solicitude was an inhabitant of another world. The information was scarcely believed, surely not realized. Like the sound of the clods upon the coffin, it was the knell of my deferred hope. My own mother had died, but I was too young to appreciate my loss. But now as I entered my home, never again to be lightened by the smile of the lost one, a sense of utter desolation overwhelmed me.

If there is a place in the world that can bring to the heart contrition and repentance, that place is the pious mother's grave. Seared indeed must be the heart of him, who can view the last lowly bed of her who wept over him in childhood, and prayed for him in youth, and not, with repentant tears, pray for pardon and peace.

Mother, to whom are committed the children of her who once bore thy present name, thou hast an important charge. Be tender to those who have now no natural mother to listen to their infant complaints. Their helplessness demands it; the yearnings of her, whose mother's heart tenderly responded to their slightest sorrows, demands it; your tacit promise demands it; religion demands it. Be faithful. Train the young immortal for God, and fear not the strife of tongues, thou shalt be rewarded. Thy adopted “children shall rise up and call thee blessed.” From that number, probably, shall be

thy kindest and loveliest child—the gentlest spirit, who, having appreciated thy kindness, shall most earnestly, of all thy family, defend thy fair name, love thee the most tenderly, and provide for and cherish thee in declining age. And He who regardeth the orphan's tear, will remember thy fidelity, self-denial, and love, where they "neither marry, nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels in heaven."

Z. X.

## MISCELLANEOUS SKETCHES.

BY PROFESSOR LARRABEE.

FAIR and gentle reader, we meet again. We meet, not in body, but in mind. In body we may never meet. Our homes are far apart. Between us may stretch the continuous forest, whose solitude is scarcely disturbed by the lowing herd, or its stillness broken by the woodman's axe—between us may spread out the prairie, illimitable even to the eagle's eye—between us may rise the Alleghanies, forming a barrier even to the winds and the waters; and yet we meet—meet in mind. The mind regards not space:

"Compared with the speed of its flight,  
The tempest itself lags behind,  
And the swift-winged arrows of light."

The lightning flashes not so rapid—the aurora borealis darts not so quick. Sitting at the open window of my embowered cottage, on this lovely evening of early spring, my mind, quicker than the sunbeam now glancing by me, bounds away to my childhood's home, on the Atlantic shore. The old-fashioned mansion, with its hoary timbers, and rudely carved wainscoting, rises before me. The old elms are spreading their venerable branches over me. The pines, that cluster on the hill-top, are sending forth, on the evening breeze, their plaintive monotone. The lambs, returned with the flock from the pasture, are skipping on the hill-side. And there is the ocean, its surface spotted with white sails, and its wild waves dancing on the beach. Before I may have time to greet one old friend, or shed one tear over the past, the scene disappears, and I bound away over the mountains of the setting sun, and stand on the shores of the western ocean,

"Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,  
Save his own dashing."

Before I am aware, I am sailing over the shoreless sea of Jupiter,

"Whose huge, gigantic bulk  
Dances in ether like the lightest leaf,"

or standing on the wings of exiled Saturn, or streaming through space with the eccentric comet, or rambling among the gardens of the Pleiades, whose distance geometry fails to estimate. And then, again, gentle one, I am with thee, in thy city

mansion, or thy prairie cottage, or thy forest cabin, communing with thee on the past, the present, and the future—on the ideal and the actual—on the beautiful, the good, and the true.

The mind regards not time. The past is its own. It goes back to the beginning, "when the morning stars sang together, and the sons of God shouted for joy." With the first-born of earth, it wanders among the groves of Paradise. With the father of the faithful, it communes with the angels of olden time. With the patriarch of Palestine, it goes down into Egypt, and is present at the busy and exciting scenes, when hundred-gated Thebes is pouring out its countless warriors—when the Memnon is reared to greet the morning sun with its tones of music, and when the granite block of gigantic dimensions is moved from the quarry to build the pyramids. It listens to the song of the sweet singer of Israel, as he tunes his harp by

"Siloa's brook,  
That flowed fast by the oracle of God."

With the shepherds of Judea, it hears the song of the angels at the Savior's birth. With the wise men of the east, it follows the star of Bethlehem, and with the disciple whom Jesus loved, it stands by the cross. The future is its own. With its eye I look on ages yet to come—on glorious ages of light, of knowledge, of liberty, and of religion.

The mind regards not physical force; but by its own power controls all created influences. The winds, the waters, and the lightnings are directed by it. The strength of the lion, and the flight of the eagle avail not against its power. Look at the war-horse, "whose neck is clothed with thunder. He paweth in the valley, and rejoices in his strength. He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted, neither turneth he back from the sword. He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage. He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha, and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains and the shoutings;" and yet he submits himself to man, and suffers the little child to mount him. The elephant, whose "bones are like strong pieces of brass or bars of iron," brings his incomparable strength to the service of man. The sea monster, whose teeth are terrible round about, who "maketh the deep boil like a pot," and his path in the ocean shine after him, suffers man to "put a hook in his nose, and bore his jaw through with a thorn."

The mind knows no limits to its development. The body, by the law of its nature, may be developed only to a certain extent. It has its youth, and its maturity, and then its decline. But the mind knows no old age—no decline. God, in his pleasure, made all things mortal, but mind. The earth herself may grow old and die—the hills and the mountains may melt away—the rivers may cease to flow, and the ocean be dried up—the very elements may melt with fervent heat; but mind is subject to no decay—



no death. Through its endless existence, the works of God will furnish it the exhaustless means of knowledge. I know not but this is the design of the vastness and the profusion of the works of God. In our spiritual and immortal state, we may visit in person the distant worlds, now dimly seen by philosophic eye. We may go, with a speed which the sunbeam never attained, to that polar orb, which, perhaps, so strangely to our comprehension, has, from the first time its light fell on our childhood's eye, maintained the same place in the heavens, having never, like other stars, sunk to repose beneath the horizon. There will be time enough in eternity to visit all the bright worlds that have been circling the celestial vault above us, till they have become familiar to our mortal eye. And then there will be time enough left to visit those far beyond the reach of mortal eye or philosophic glass. And no matter where the spirit may go, it will find a home everywhere. The innumerable multitudes of worlds in the universe are but mansions in our heavenly Father's house.

The mind never loses what it may have once acquired. Impressions once stamped on it become indelible. Ideas once acquired become, from the very constitution of mind, immortal as mind itself. There may seem to be, sometimes, oblivion of the past. But it is temporary, not permanent. There is no Lethean stream, of which we may drink and forget. There may seem to be loss of knowledge once acquired. But the loss is only apparent, not real. There is a power in the mind by which it may call back every wandering idea, and renew every fading picture, and revive in all their freshness and vigor all past feelings and emotions. I have somewhere read a beautiful story of the magician's mirror. Whoever looked on that mirror's polished surface saw again all he had ever seen—his early home—his childhood's play-ground—the hills, the valleys, and the streams of his native land—the friends of former years—friends long since dead, and buried, and forgotten. In that mirror, as the story goes, the Wandering Jew, who has, as the legend tells us, been wandering over the earth for eighteen centuries, and who is doomed still to wander till the Savior comes again, desired to look. The magician held it before him. The wanderer saw on its magic surface all the incidents of his life in the long centuries past, and far behind all a lovely landscape reposing in quiet beauty beneath the sunny skies of Palestine. There appeared a vale shaded by trees, and watered by running brooks. A flock was feeding on the green grass, and beneath a palm tree's shade was sleeping a child of surpassing beauty and loveliness. In that landscape the wanderer recognized his own home of centuries ago—in that flock the sheep that had fed in that quiet vale under his care—in that child his own beloved daughter, his sweet little Marian, the idol of his heart.

There is such a mirror in the human soul. It

needs no magician's wand to bring forth its power. The images it presents may sometimes be faint and shadowy. Present objects flitting before it may obscure our view of the past. Our position may not always be such as to present the image distinct. But the mirror is always there, and occasions will come when the bright and beautiful forms of the past will flit before us. Let the veil of mortality be taken from our eyes—let the busy forms of present objects take their places among the images of the past—let us look with undimmed and immortal eye on that mirror of the soul, and we shall see the bright and undying images of all our past experience.

Kind reader, are there times when, even now, you seem to hold sweet communion—the communion of soul with soul—with your departed loved ones? Mother, does the child, the sweet little one, that you buried in its loveliness and beauty, still seem to smile on you, and nestle in your bosom? Child, does your mother, whose gentle voice has long been hushed in the silence of the grave, still seem to speak to you as of yore, whispering consolation and wisdom to your soul? Ah! there are times when the departed seem in spirit with us, when the mind is abstracted from all that is sensuous and material, and holds sweet converse with the spiritual and the immortal.

“When the hours of day are numbered,  
And the voices of the night  
Wake the better soul that slumbered,  
To a holy, calm delight—  
Ere the evening lamps are lighted,  
And, like phantoms grim and tall,  
Shadows, from the fitful fire-light,  
Dance upon the parlor wall—  
Then the forms of the departed  
Enter at the open door;  
The beloved ones, the true hearted,  
Come to visit me once more.  
O! though oft depressed and lonely,  
All my fears are laid aside,  
If I but remember only  
Such as these have lived and died.”

But, dear reader, I fear I am becoming metaphysical, which I should regret as much on my own account as on yours; for I have a great horror of metaphysics. Yet, at the risk of being even common-place, permit me to encourage you to labor for the improvement and development of your own minds. This you may effect by observing, reading, and thinking. The present season is appropriate for observation. Immure not yourself within the walls of your dwelling, cramping the body, and starving the mind; but go abroad into the green fields and budding woods, and study the works of God. Go into the garden, with spade and hoe, if it be necessary, and prepare your flower-bed. Plant a rose by your window, and as you watch during summer its budding beauty, and inhale its fragrant sweetness, you may improve your taste and your temper more than by reading a thousand trashy novels. It is

wonderful how much a garden of shrubbery and flowers will improve the spirit and the intellect. God has given you a taste for the beautiful, and poured out in abundant profusion around you the means of enjoyment. The world is full of beauty. The dawn of morning, the blue skies of noonday, the golden tints of sunset, and the glimmering starlight are all beautiful. The budding spring, the flowery summer, and the sad and sere autumn are beautiful. Beautiful is bird, and beast, and insect. Beautiful is tree, and flower, and fruit. Beautiful is manhood—beautiful is youth—beautiful is childhood. Beautiful are all the works of God; and all are designed to develop your mind, gratify your taste, and make you wise, and good, and happy. Then go abroad, and look on nature, and look through nature up to nature's God.

But in order to effect, to the best advantage, the improvement of your mind, you must observe carefully, and read, and study, and think. You should acquire some knowledge of natural science. Botany will enable you to distribute into their appropriate classes all the varieties of plants and flowers, and will exhibit to you many curious and interesting facts, of which you never perhaps dreamed. Chemistry will explain to you the cause of the lightning and the thunder, the wind and the storm, the dew and the rain, the frost and the snow. Astronomy will teach you the names, and motions, and laws of the stars. Natural history, especially the departments of anatomy and physiology, will explain to you your own form and constitution, and the laws of health and life.

Where and who is the man that will affirm that female education is of little importance? Who is he that says that a woman needs only know how to knit, and sew, and cook, and perhaps read passably, write her name, and reckon up her market bills? Such a man either thinks women have no soul, or he has none himself. Education acts on mind. Its influence is not limited to time, but is as undying as mind itself. The development of mind is as important to woman as to man. So far as education is designed for the improvement of mind, the same course of study, the same thorough instruction, is adapted to all mind—to the female as well as to the male. So far as education is limited to the acquisition of mere practical knowledge, for some specific purpose, the course of study should vary according to the circumstances of the student. The importance to females of thorough education is not generally appreciated. There yet remains among us much of that old, barbarous, heathen notion of female inferiority. Much of the error in this matter arises from limited and contracted views of the design of education. We reason and act as if the whole design of knowledge were to aid us in making money, or to give us temporary influence in society. We seem to forget the great design of Heaven in giving us intelligence

and taste. The benevolence of God is seen in all his works, but in none more than in the adaptation of external nature to the intellectual and moral condition of man; so that all we see and hear may make us wiser and better.

Reader, I would have you entertain a high sense of the dignity of mind. Tell me not of the dignity which depends on wealth, or station, or pomp, or circumstance. The world cannot confer true dignity. It belongs not to externals: it belongs only to mind. Tell me not of the diadem of royalty, sparkling with gems and with gold. The bright scintillations of human intelligence eclipse the most dazzling of earth's gems. Tell me not of the value of earth's productions. Mind alone is precious. Let no mention be made of coral, or of pearl, or of rubies, or of diamonds. Tell me not of earth's treasures. Mountains of solid gold, and oceans of melted silver are naught compared with mind.

#### WE'RE GOING HOME.

We're going home! O, how those words  
Along the sad heart's fibres thrill!  
Ah! far more sweet than summer birds,  
Whose voices the green forest fill!  
We're going home! When far away  
From those we love, and long to meet,  
Those words a mystic charm convey;  
And 'neath the charm our pulses beat.  
We're going home! When sails the ship  
Upon her homeward passage bound,  
How joyfully, from lip to lip,  
Those words of music pass around!  
We're going home! *Our* ship has weigh'd  
Her anchor for a beauteous land:  
The distant port will soon be made—  
Our pilot has a skillful hand!  
We're going home! As o'er the main  
We view the radiant city far,  
We *know* our voyage is not vain—  
We steer our bark by Bethlehem's Star.  
We're going home! The lov'd and lost  
Who trod with us the paths of life,  
Have safely o'er the ocean cross'd;  
And, shelter'd from the toilsome strife,  
They wait for us; and oft in dreams,  
Like angel visitants, they come,  
And bring us on their wings the gleams  
Of happiness that fills our home!  
We're going home! What though the true,  
The loving in this world of ours—  
What though life's roses be but few,  
They brightly bloom in Eden's bow'rs!  
We're going home! Ye pilgrims wake!  
And as we pass th' "enchanted ground,"  
Look up for help—fresh courage take—  
We're on our homeward voyage bound!

S. J. HOWE.



## INDEPENDENCE OF CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

BY REV. R. W. ALLEN.

THE history of the Church furnishes many bright and illustrious examples of true Christian character. These examples have shone, with transcendent brightness, in every age of the Church; though some periods have been more distinguished for them than others. Nor have these examples been wanting in any of the essential elements of the Christian character—*elements* which have here most beautifully mingled, qualified and illustrated each other, like the colors in the rainbow. Here they have been seen in all their beauty and loveliness, existing in the most consummate order and harmony; and here they need only be seen and properly understood, to be loved and admired.

Christian character never appears so lovely and attracting, as when it is seen, in all its parts, symmetrically arranged, and when those parts are properly developed and matured. Should any of its essential parts be wanting, or should it lack symmetry or completeness, its beauty would be proportionably marred, and its influence measurably lost.

Independence is essential to perfection in Christian character. Where this is wanting, there is a capital defect—a desideratum exists. However complete the character in other respects, without this it is radically defective.

But what is true independence? in what does it consist? In answering the question, it may be well for us to glance at some of the views entertained on the subject.

1. *Some make it consist in military courage or valor.* War, to the disgrace of our world, has been the delight and employment of individuals in every age. And those occurrences have been considered, by many, very tame, or hardly worth recording, which were not associated with the noise of warriors, the plunder of provinces, the destruction of empires, the groans of bleeding victims, the cries of orphans and widows, and with garments rolled in blood. But this intrepidity is not Christian independence—undoubted courage it may be; and though possessed by Alexander, Hannibal, Napoleon, and a thousand others, yet it partakes naught of true independence. Such was not the independence of the intrepid Baxter, who could reprove kings or expostulate with princes, as occasion required; or, like that of the still more intrepid Paul, who could boldly meet the frowns, violence, and formidable hostility of the whole Jewish nation. "I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses for Christ's sake: for when I am weak, then am I strong." And when arraigned before magistrates, he could exclaim, "And neither can they prove the things whereof they now accuse me."

2. *Some make independence to consist in mere difference of opinion.* Because an individual differs from others, it is no certain reason that he is right; though he may be, for others may be wrong. His being right does not depend on the mere fact of his differing from others, but on the evidence by which his opinions are supported. Some differ from others, not so much to be right, as for the sake of differing, or to secure what they call an *independent character*. They wish to be styled independent thinkers, and hence, in opinion, they will join issue with every body, who does not happen to think like themselves. Every body else, they conclude, must be wrong, while they are invariably right. They arrogate to themselves the ability of judging in all matters correctly, while others around them, from their alledged imbecility, must err, as a matter of course. Such know nothing of true independence but the name; while it is to be feared, they are blinded by prejudice, and led captive by the most corrupting influences.

3. *Others make an independent character consist in the indulgence of passion.* They feel greatly superior to others, but this superiority arises from pride, anger, ambition, vanity, enthusiasm, &c. They look down upon their fellow-men, whose outward circumstances, perchance, are not as favorable as their own, as from some lofty eminence; and with an air of importance, are unwilling to notice, or to tender to them the common civilities of life. Such a disposition is the meanest dependency. Those who indulge it, will, like Haman, whose soul was the seat of the worst of passions, when required to honor those to whom honor is due, sink with all their pride and vanity in disgrace and ruin.

4. *Others are still to be found, who make independence consist in an ability to explain or reconcile propositions apparently absurd, or which are hard and difficult to be understood.* They would make the world believe, that, by their superior discernment and singular penetration, they can dive into any subject, however obscure and difficult, and make every thing clear and plain; that they are not shackled by the acknowledged rules of thinking, or by the usual course of investigating subjects; but that their superior intellects can, with the utmost ease, grasp any subject, analyze its parts, and that all difficulties and inexplicableness must at once vanish before them. Such are "proud, knowing nothing, but doting about questions and strifes of words, whereof cometh envy, strife, railings, evil surmisings, perverse disputings of men of corrupt minds, and destitute of the truth, supposing that gain is godliness: from such withdraw thyself."

5. *Christian independence consists in an habitual and vigorous energy of character, and in a firm, manly, uncompromising determination to do duty as God requires, without any anxiety or regard as to the consequences.* It is essentially different from that bold, adventurous temperament, so frequently

observable in distinguished characters. This disposition will lead men to great exploits and achievements, amid dangers and sufferings; and where there is hope of success, their energy of character is strikingly manifest; but when circumstances appear unpropitious, their zeal ceases, and they often sink into despondency and shame. Christian independence enables its possessor to exhibit his accustomed energy and stability of character, amid the most unpropitious prospects and discouraging circumstances. Nor is this energy and firmness merely constitutional, wrought into powerful exercise by concurrent circumstances; it is an uncompromising and energetic principle, planted deep within, taking a strong hold of the whole man—a firm and unshaken reliance on God in every scene and event of life. It is not the creature of circumstances, but is always alive and ready to act. It leads to a course of life unawed by threatening, uninfluenced by flattery. Such was the independence of the three Hebrew worthies. They could exclaim, at the very mouth of the fiery furnace, "O Nebuchadnezzar, we are not careful to answer thee in this matter. If it be so, our God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace, and he will deliver us out of thy hand, O King. But if not, be it known unto thee, O King, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up." How honest, determined, decisive!

For the want of this independence, those who are naturally of an ardent temperament, are often led into gross transgression. Thus we witness Peter dissembling at Antioch, when "Paul withstood him to the face;" and, also, we behold him denying his Lord. How many thousands have followed in his steps for the want of this principle, and thereby brought disgrace upon themselves, and reproach upon the cause of God! For want of this principle, also, those possessing an easy, timorous disposition, frequently become wavering and faltering in their course; they are startled at worldly opinions—dread unpopularity—moved at reproach, and afraid of opposition. Such are always in bondage, and will accomplish but little good, either for the Church or the world. They need something still to prompt them to *endure hardness, as good soldiers of Jesus Christ*.

The *advantages* of Christian independence, will be noticed, more at large, hereafter.

HEALTH is one of our greatest blessings; indeed, it is the basis of all our enjoyments, and many of our excellences. It has been justly remarked, that Socrates would not have been as wise and good as he was, had he not enjoyed uninterrupted health. His fine flow of spirits, contributed as much as his mental discipline to the calmness with which he endured the vexations of life.

## THE STUDY OF THE BIBLE.

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BY PROFESSOR MERRICK.

*The biographies of the Bible.* Another excellency of the Bible is its interesting and instructive biographies. Biographies are generally read with much avidity; and if judiciously written, they may be read to much profit. But, unfortunately, books of this class are often very defective. To be instructive in the highest degree, they should narrate such incidents, and such only, in the life of the person whose history they record, as will present a faithful portraiture of his character. Perhaps the most common defect in biographies is, that they generally contain a great amount of irrelevant matter—matter which is not only uninteresting to the general reader, but serves to confuse his view of the real character of the subject. Another fault of most is, that they are far from being impartial. If written by a friend of the subject, his virtues are magnified, and his vices concealed: if by an enemy, the reverse is the case. The biographies of the Bible, which are numerous, are all of them brief. A few striking incidents reveal the true character of the subject. Neither faults nor virtues are either magnified or concealed; and all are written with so much of earnest simplicity and truthfulness, that the reader seems to live, and feel, and act with those whose history he is perusing.

There is, also, a pleasing variety in the biographies of the Bible. Here we read of kings surrounded with all the pomp of regal splendor, and of subjects moving in the humblest walks of life—of military heroes, commissioned of God as his vicegerents for the chastisement of his enemies, and the corrupters of mankind; and of peaceful shepherds, who watched their flocks, and chanted hymns of praise to the God of Israel, upon the quiet plains of Judea. Here are recorded the lives of prophets, priests, and apostles—of poets, philosophers, and statesmen—of merchants, mechanics, and fishermen. Nor is this variety confined to circumstances in life. Here is given the history of men of every shade of moral character, from the vile Ahab, who sold himself to work wickedness, to the devoted Paul, who, like his Master, went about doing good; as well as every variety of natural temperament, from Saul, the dark and gloomy misanthrope, jealous and revengeful, to the kind and confiding Jonathan, whose generous soul seemed formed for purest friendship. Here are the simple stories of childhood, the recital of the bold and daring achievements of manhood, and the picture of the infirmities and sorrows of decrepit old age.

Nor is your sex, young ladies, unnoticed. Gently we pass over the but too eventful life of her who was the mother of us all. The poet declares her to have been more beautiful than any of her daughters. Perhaps, in justice, we might not add, and more



guilty too. Sarah, Rebecca, and Rachel, wives of the most celebrated of the patriarchs, are noticed at considerable length. A brief account is also given of Miriam, the prophetess, and joint leader with Moses and Aaron of the Israelites in their journeyings from Egypt to the land of promise. In the life of Ruth there is a passage, which, as expressive of self-sacrificing love, is too interesting to be passed over unnoticed. Naomi was a Jewess. She, with her husband and two sons, had left Judea on account of a famine, and taken up their residence in Moab. After the death of her husband, her sons were united in marriage to Orpha and Ruth, women of Moab. Some years after, her sons having died, she concluded to return to her native land. As her daughters-in-law would be strangers in Judea, and probably destitute and unprotected, she affectionately advised them to remain with their kindred, and piously invoked the blessing of Heaven upon them. Orpha, after much entreaty, was induced to remain; "but Ruth clave unto her." Naomi expostulated with her. "Behold," said she, "thy sister-in-law is gone back unto her people, and unto her gods: return thou after thy sister-in-law. But Ruth said, Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest I will die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and much more, also, *if aught but death part thee and me.*" Mention is also made of Deborah, the poetess, and of Mary, the most highly favored of women, in being the mother of Jesus—of Mary and Martha, the sisters of Lazarus, whom Jesus loved—of the industrious and benevolent Dorcas, who was raised to life by Peter—of the pious Lydia, whose heart the Lord opened, and of many others distinguished for their intelligence and virtues.

But of all the biographies of the Bible, there is none like that of Jesus. Here is our only perfect pattern. While reading his life, we may always yield ourselves up to the influence of his example—we may drink into his spirit; and the more we do this, the better shall we be prepared to live; for "his life is our example," and to walk in his footsteps, is to fulfill our highest destiny.

*The history of the Bible.* As a book of history the Bible is unique. In its narratives and prophecies, it may be regarded as an epitome of the world's history. It begins with Adam, and closes with the last of the human race. But, without pausing upon this interesting subject, I pass to notice,

*The morals and religion of the Bible.* But it is for its moral and religious instructions that the Bible is chiefly to be prized. There is no other book which inculcates so pure a code of morals, or teaches them so well. It contains the only system of true religion, and is the only divinely authorized standard of that. Many of the sages of antiquity wrote upon

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the subject of morals. Some of them were men of as extensive research and profound thought as the world has ever produced. In their writings which have been preserved, there is much that is excellent; but all of their systems are radically defective. They but too clearly show that their authors were but fallible men, and without an unerring standard by which to test their codes. They also lack authority. It is not enough for man to know his duty, or to be urged to its performance by one of like passions with himself. Plato and Socrates may speak; but they speak *as men and to men*. Some higher power must give authority to their law. Nothing short of a "thus saith the Lord," will secure obedience to a law which is holy, just, and good, so prone is human nature to that which is evil.

As to human religions—and their name is legion—they all proclaim, with mournful emphasis, that man is lost—a wanderer from God; that the crown is fallen from his head; that the glory of his primeval state is departed. In these he is seen groping his way in darkness, seeking after God, if haply he may feel after him and find him; while, in almost hopeless despair, he is heard exclaiming, "Behold, I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him: on the left where he doeth his work, but I cannot behold him: he hideth himself on the right hand, that I cannot see him." But the Bible dispels this darkness.

"Here light descending from above,  
Directs our doubtful feet."

Walking by this light, the path of the just becometh brighter and brighter, until

"The things unknown to feeble sense,  
Unseen by reason's glimm'ring ray,  
With strong commanding evidence,  
Their heavenly origin display."

Here man learns his nature, his duty, and his destiny. He becomes acquainted with his true moral state, with the provisions of the Gospel, with God, and the service and worship he requires. In short, he here finds every truth necessary to make him wise unto salvation, to qualify him for doing his duty, and to prepare him for enjoyment here and hereafter.

Such are some of the excellences of the Bible—nay, more; for, alas! but too feebly have I been able to portray them. But if, in any degree, I have increased your interest in this precious volume, I rejoice. May it lead you to peruse more frequently its sacred pages! And O, while you read, may that Spirit by whom its truths were inspired, apply them to your hearts, to the saving of your souls! I close as I began, with the divine injunction, "SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES:"

"Yea, search them; for in them thou'lt surely find  
Knowledge most precious, words of life and light—  
Wisdom, surpassing all of human kind,  
And virtue that will yield thee pure delight—  
Faith that will stand thee in the hour of death—  
Hope that will gild thy pathway to the tomb,  
And charity that, to thy latest breath,  
Will cheer thy heart, and all thy soul illumine."

## AMIABLENESS.

BY REV. ALLEN WILEY.

WILL the fair readers of the Repository permit a new correspondent to converse briefly with them on an important subject? That subject, to them especially important, is amiableness. But what does that clumsy word mean? It is English born, but of foreign origin, claiming a Roman parentage, and is of the second generation, being the Anglicized Latin *amabilitas*, which claims descent from *amabilis*, which comes to us in a French form, *amiable*, and that from *amo*, I love. We discover, then, that it means something which is, or ought to be, loved. But no person or thing is, or, at least, ought to be loved, that does not possess something which is lovely or worthy of being loved. Amiableness, then, is that quality which renders a human being worthy or suitable to be loved; and that quality is a combination of many excellences.

*An agreeable countenance is of importance.* O, but I have not the making of my countenance, consequently, this item in the thing is not a matter of choice with me! Be not so hasty in your conclusion, my friend. I know that it is not a matter of choice with you, whether you shall have large or small eyes, a large or a small nose, a large or a small mouth, thick or thin lips, black or auburn hair and eyebrows, a round or a square built face, dark or fair skin. All these, however, are not the countenance. That is something which has its origin in the feelings of the heart; and with all the disadvantages of what we call homely features, the amiable lady will have a pleasant countenance, while all the advantages of well-formed features will never give an agreeable countenance to a wicked woman. I once heard a sensible person make the following remark, in reference to a man who was the subject of conversation, "He has such a countenance as God Almighty never made," meaning, that the villainess of the man's heart had marred his Maker's work. So sure as murder will out, will a bad heart ultimately make its stamp on the face of a fair lady.

*Virtue is indispensable.* That virtue which is as pure as the beams of the sun, and will not permit even incipient suspicion to come near its sacred shrine. I mean that virtue of the heart which not only preserves purity of life, but which makes the imagination, the thoughts, the desires, the words, the actions, such as would become angels before the throne of God. Let none, however innocent in life, suppose that evil thoughts and desires will not show themselves in many ways, and soon be discerned by the good judge of human nature, and then the fair one will have lost all claim to amiableness.

*Benevolence is indispensable.* The very etymology of this word, which means *willing well*, shows the importance of the thing; for she who does not will

well can never be deemed lovely. When we survey this fallen world, with all its crimes to be forgiven, and its miseries to be pitied and relieved, we must say that woman, who has had her share in the crimes of the world, and more than her share in its miseries, must be unnatural without benevolence. Indeed, she must resemble lost spirits, who have no kind and sympathetic feelings, amid all their dreadful and protracted woes. Benevolence will make its possessor quick to discern the miseries of others, and deeply sympathetic in their sufferings, and prompt to mitigate, and, if possible, remove their sorrows. Even the instinct of nature has taught us to look for this kindly feeling in woman's heart; for, when we were in trouble in childhood's days, instead of going to our rugged fathers with our griefs, we sought to fall in the laps of our mothers, where we could weep without reproach, and find the sympathetic tear and kind embraces to soothe our throbbing hearts.

*Patience is indispensable.* She who cannot bear the unavoidable calamities of life without murmuring and repining, is not likely to be esteemed amiable, because she will sour her own temper, and vex, and grieve, and torture others. Woman should regard her multiform afflictions as the chastening rod of a kind and heavenly Father, who wills to make her wise, and good, and useful, and happy. And shall she spurn the chastening, and disregard the hand that inflicts it? Surely not; and if she do, she will forfeit all claim to amiableness. Stoicism and patience are not identical. The one is a sullen, beastly stubbornness, which has nothing lovely about it. The other has a keen perception and acute feeling of all the evils to which flesh is heir; but it makes the sufferer able and willing to say, they are not the results of chance, and I will bear them with calmness and resignation.

*Prudence in conversation is indispensable.* This has reference to the matter and manner of conversation. All scandal and unkindness of conversation should be avoided, because they are calculated to defile the lips, pollute the heart, vitiate the mind, and embitter the temper. No truly good-natured and benevolent female, will willingly talk about the failings and faults of others. She has such a deep sense of her own infirmities and dangers, that her tongue is restrained from evil speaking. None but the malevolent and envious can retail scandal or talk reproachfully. The prudent female will not talk loud nor fast. When a woman talks loud, we involuntarily conclude she is what the Romans called a *virago*, or manlike woman in her feelings, and would bear rule, and play the tyrant if she could. When we hear a woman talk very fast, and in rather a careless manner, we think she is wanting in thoughtfulness, and fear she has not a tender conscience; for a thoughtful mind and a good conscience, will take time to weigh words and the



thoughts expressed by them. A woman of prudence in conversation, will converse on such subjects as are calculated to make herself and others wiser and better, and she will do it in a calm, deliberate, and conscientious manner.

*Piety is indispensable.* I know there may be the semblance of amiableness, where there is no decided piety. So far as amiable tempers and dispositions are concerned, they may exist in a forming and immature state where piety is not, but they need the grace of piety to give them maturity and permanent loveliness. Without piety we have no assurance, that what is sweet and charming to-day, will be so to-morrow; for adversity's blight may come, and then all that was pleasant by nature, may become wormwood and gall. How can we regard that female as entitled to the claim of amiableness, whose heart is alien from God and holiness? Surely she who disregards the will of her Maker and Judge, is more defective than she imagines.

#### THE TREE OF LIFE.

For centuries, mankind have thought the tree of life an indigenous plant of earth. Hence, from every land, we hear echoed, and re-echoed, "Ho! here's the tree of life, come, eat, and live for ever." But the soil of earth is too cold and barren, to sustain this "plant of renown." It stands upon the plains of Eden, and spreads its branches around the throne of God. Watered by the "river of life," and warmed by the "Sun of righteousness," "it yields its fruit every month, and its leaves are for the healing of the nations."

Since man's apostasy from God, he strives to find a *substitute* for this tree; seeking for life among the shades of death. And how often does he find that "a bad tree cannot bring forth *good fruit*," and that "men do not gather figs from *thistles*, nor grapes from *thorns*." Mad with disappointment, he makes an effort to *destroy* the tree of life.

"To root it out, and wither it from earth,  
Hell strives with all its strength, and blows with all  
Its blasts; and sin, with cold consumptive breath,  
Involves it still in clouds of mortal damp."

Infidelity breathes upon it her pestilential vapors, in hope to dry up its leaves, destroy its virtue, and cut off the hopes of man for ever. But why this hatred—this opposition to the heavenly tree? Why not pluck and eat, that we may prove its virtue, before we strive to kill? The soul *desires* a feast. It asks and longs for something more than earth can yield. The world secures to us *vexation, pain, and death*. God our Savior, as he would not have us perish, points us to the tree of life, "and bids our longing appetites the rich provision taste." This is the tree

"That bears the only fruit of true delight;  
The only fruit worth plucking under heaven."

And though we be "stung by the scorpion sin," or under the influence of a "deadly moral plague," yet this sacred tree has virtue sufficient to effect a perfect cure. The wounded soul shall feel its power, and its luxuriant fruit shall satisfy our immortal desires. No cherubim, or flaming sword, are found to guard this holy tree; so that all, who will, may *eat*, and *live for evermore*.  
H. GILMORE.

#### PAUL BEFORE AGRIPPA.

BY WILLIAM BAXTER.

The royal court is gather'd now,  
The king is seated on his throne,  
The door flies wide, the guards retire,  
The chained apostle stands alone,  
And meets, with an unshrinking eye,  
The searching gaze of royalty.

The galling chain is on his hand,  
His mind is all unconquer'd yet;  
For on his calm and noble brow  
The seal of lofty thought is set.  
His limbs are bound, but all can see  
His lofty spirit still is free.

He speaks! what high and burning thoughts,  
Are on each list'ner's mind impressed—  
What fearless eloquence is his—  
What wondrous zeal inspires his breast.  
He seems no prisoner now; but stands,  
And, as some heaven sent one, commands.

That throng quail 'neath his words of power,  
And owns a master spirit nigh,  
While he declares that Master's truth,  
Who once addressed him from the sky.  
He bids them cast all else aside,  
And serve him who was crucified.

The king himself seems deeply mov'd,  
All mark his troubled, anxious brow:  
He cries out, "O, thou man of God!  
Would that I were even as thou."  
Almost persuaded then to own  
Paul's heavenly Master king alone.

Happy Agrippa! hadst thou turned,  
And laid thy regal honors by,  
And sought those fadeless glories, which  
Are found at God's right hand on high,  
From all thy sins and follies freed,  
Thou wouldst have been a king indeed.

They parted; but such holy thoughts  
Ne'er swelled that monarch's breast again;  
Repentant tears ne'er cleansed his soul,  
From sin and its polluting stain.  
The pris'ner freely shed his blood,  
A martyr for the truth and God.

## PROTESTANTISM AND ROMANISM CONTRASTED.

BY G. P. DISOSWAY.

## PROTESTANTISM.

THE celebrated and brave Gaspard de Coligny, was the first nobleman in France who ever boldly professed himself a Protestant, and the patron of the Protestants. He was the leader of the Huguenots—the chief of their association, or, as he was generally styled, in his day, the “Admiral of Chatillon;” and upon him Heaven conferred the immortal honor of becoming the first martyr to the holy cause of religion, in that awful drama of the St. Bartholomew massacre. Charles IX, an apt son of that intriguing and incarnate evil, Catharine de Medicis, had now attained his majority, and was on the throne. She was the actual mistress and ruler of the kingdom—an Italian not more in lineage than in her subtilty and cunning. Open violence and bloody, persecuting warfare had not succeeded against her Protestant subjects. She now resorted to treachery and deceit.

To unite, as it was pretended, the reformed and the Roman religions, the court proposed a marriage between Margaret, who was the King's sister, and Henry, the young Protestant prince of the blood. Nothing could exceed the magnificence of the nuptial festivities, which were celebrated on a platform before the church of Notre Dame, and in the presence of a royal, splendid company from both religious parties. During the four succeeding days, all Paris was occupied with fetes, ballets, and other gayeties, and the greatest attentions were paid to the unsuspecting Huguenots.

Coligny, generous and unsuspecting of any danger, a day or two after the marriage, was suddenly fired upon, and severely wounded by two bullets, one entering his arm, and the other shattering his finger. His sufferings were severe; but he endured them with heroic patience; and whilst the surgeons amputated one of his fingers, he desired his chaplain to read consolatory passages from the holy Scriptures. Once he exclaimed, “My God, abandon me not in this suffering, nor let thy mercy forsake me!” and ordered one hundred pieces of gold to be distributed among the poor of his church.

The awful hour of destruction and of death, in Paris, approached. It finally came; and the signal for the murderers to fall upon their victims, was the great clock of the Palace of Justice. For the first time since his wounds, Coligny had rested quietly that night, but was awakened by the report of firearms. Springing from his bed, he was met by his chaplain and other attendants, who had rushed into his room. Having been informed of his danger, he said, “I fear for you: to God let us commend ourselves;” and he kneeled down in silent devotion. Then rising and listening for a moment,

he said to those around him, “Fly! it is my life they aim at. Escape! it is impossible for me; and God has heard my prayer—he will receive me. I never was afraid of death, as I have long since prepared myself for it. I beseech you to make your escape. I bless God, I shall die in the Lord, through whose grace I am elected to a hope of everlasting life. I now need no longer any help of man. \* \* The presence of God, to whose goodness I recommend my soul, which will presently fly out of my body, is abundantly sufficient for me.” Footsteps were heard ascending the stairs—the door of the apartment was burst open, and five assassins, clad in mail, rushed in. A sword was driven through his body by a German wretch named Besme—his remains thrown out of the window—his head, cut off and presented to Catharine, was afterward embalmed and sent to the Pope. The venerable and mangled corpse of the Admiral, dragged three days through the streets, was at last hung on a public gibbet at Montfaucon. Thus suffered and thus died Gaspard de Coligny!

## ROMANISM.

Other bells answered that of St. Germain; and from this moment the destruction became universal and indiscriminate. The perfidious monarch, with an oath, had declared “the death of the Admiral—the destruction of the whole party within the bounds of France!” What pen can describe the scenes and horrors of that fatal night! Mine shall not attempt the mournful task. The universal cry was, Blood! blood! blood! and when the day dawned, Paris exhibited the most appalling spectacle of butchered Huguenots—men, women, and children. For three days and nights the work of carnage continued. The Seine was literally reddened with human blood! In the capital alone ten thousand perished, and among them five hundred Huguenot lords, knights, and military officers.

Similar excesses of spoliation and of bloodshed were committed with brutal fury in other sections of France. De Thore, a Popish historian, calculates that thirty thousand perished in this terrible convulsion. Another estimates one hundred thousand. The King, with a numerous suite, soon after attended mass, returning thanks to God for so happy an event, and its successful termination. By a public edict, Charles proclaimed himself the author of it. High mass was also performed by the Pope—salutes of artillery thundered from the ramparts of St. Angelo—a *Te Deum* was sung, and a medal struck—the whole to celebrate the atrocious event. These are evidences that scatter to the winds of heaven all the excuses and attempted apologies for those who perpetrated this foul deed. Lord Clarendon designated that year, 1572, in which was perpetrated the St. Bartholomew massacre, as “infamous;” and I know not one so foul and bloody in ancient or modern times. The black deed has handed down the



names of Catharine de Medicis and her son, Charles IX, to the universal detestation of after ages.

All the princes of Europe, except two, Philip II, King of Spain, and the Pope, expressed their indignation upon the awful and revolting occasion. Christiana, ex-Queen of Sweden, herself so decidedly attached to Popery, thus laments in one of her letters: "I am overwhelmed with grief, when I think of all the innocent blood which a blind fanaticism causes daily to flow. France exercises, without remorse or fear, the most barbarous persecution upon the dearest and most industrious portion of her people. Every time I contemplate the atrocious torments which have been inflicted upon the Protestants, my heart throbs, and my eyes are filled with tears."

The life of the royal Charles was now fast drawing to a close, hastened, doubtless, by his remorse of conscience. Such were the dreadful impressions of the St. Bartholomew murder, as ever afterward to haunt his imagination; and the agony of his mind caused the blood to burst from the pores, bathing his body with its crimson streams. Pierre de L'Etoile declares, that he earnestly begged his attending physicians to relieve him; "for," said he, "I am cruelly and horribly tormented." To which they replied, that their art had been exhausted, and God was the only sovereign physician in such a complaint. His faithful nurse was a Huguenot, to whom the King was much attached; and hearing him bitterly weep, groan, and sigh, she approached his dying couch. Bemoaning his sad condition, Charles exclaimed, "Ah! my dear nurse, my beloved woman, what blood! what murders! Ah! I have followed wicked advice! O, my God! pardon me and be merciful! Where will this end? What shall I do? I am lost—lost for ever! I know it!" Such was the end of Charles IX, the royal persecutor—a shocking spectacle of wretchedness and remorse, and a warning to monarchs who may incline to bigotry, oppression, and cruelty. What an impressive and striking contrast between the death-bed scenes of the King and his pious subject, Gaspard de Coligny!

Catharine, twelve years afterward, followed Charles to the grave. Descended as she was from the Medicæan family, she inherited a taste for the fine arts. This, however, does not appear to have softened or refined her character and feelings. To her memory is universally attached the principal infamy of the St. Bartholomew massacre. She either planned the sanguinary work herself or instigated her son to its perpetration. Now robbed of personal charms, by the hand of time, and severely afflicted with the gout, on her death-bed, she is said to have impressed upon the mind of Henry, the reigning monarch, that he never could have peace unless he granted liberty of conscience to his subjects. It is a well-known historical fact, that the Parisians, whose blood she caused to flow in torrents, declared that, if her dead

body came there on its way to St. Denis, they would drag it through the streets, and throw it into the river, on account of her murderous deeds.

And such was the end of Catharine, the proud, persecuting daughter of Lorenzo de Medicis, the wife of Henry II, and mother of Francis II, of Charles IX, and Henry III, all monarchs of Romanized France, in whose reigns, almost mistress of the kingdom, she bore so conspicuous a part. How low and humbled now! She had erected a costly and splendid mausoleum for herself and family, but was carried, by torch-light, to a hastily dug grave in an obscure corner of the church at Blois.

#### BOOKS.

BY REV. W. M. DAILY, A. M.

THROUGH the medium of *books* the thinking portion of community receive most of their knowledge. Hence, each succeeding age *is*, or *should be*, wiser than the preceding. A conviction of these two facts first led to the formation of *libraries*. The first library of which we read was Egyptian, formed by Osymandias, an Egyptian king. Over it he had written this inscription, "*Food for the mind.*" This is what every library should contain; and, consequently, this every book should be, to entitle it to a place in our libraries. A partial survey, however, of many libraries, where many of the books are absolutely lettered "*libraries of select novels,*" would suggest a far different inscription than that placed over the library of Osymandias. To correspond with the facts, or to be a faithful index to what is within, it should be, *Trash for the mind.*

Through books we hold converse with their authors, and thus virtually keep company with them, as the spirit, as well as the words of the author, is to be found on the page, breathing in every sentiment and expression. Admit this, and then it will be acknowledged that the selection of books is as important as the selection of our company. "Evil communications corrupt good manners," is a proverb which is as true of books as it is of persons. Yet there are many who are rigidly strict in the selection of company for their families, who never so much as once think of prohibiting improper books, or of procuring such as would be profitable to minds and morals. Is there a high-minded, thoughtful, and virtuous parent, who would tolerate in the parlor, or sitting-room, such conversation and such sentiments as are to be found in Moore, Byron, &c.? *Not one*; no, not one, even though the visitor might paint such sentiments "in all the hues of the rainbow, and marry them to immortal verse." And yet many young ladies are in daily conversation with just such men, while they read such books, done up as they are in gilt and morocco—ornaments for the centre-

table, or companions of the sitting-room and the study; and, in many cases, brought there by the parents themselves. Such books contain many things which a modest lady would blush to have introduced in conversation, or to be suspected of reading; and yet she often, for the entertainment of her company, boasts of the author as a "*favorite writer*."

We turn, for the present, from such libraries of *trash* and *moral contagion*, with this advice: let all who persist in having such books have the appropriate inscription over the library, *Trash and pollution for the mind*.

But there is a moral and intellectual elevation, consequent upon an association with books written by the wise and the good—books which are pure in thought, chaste in expression, and instructive in sentiment—sparkling with diamonds and glittering with gems of richest value, which may be gathered by the reader, and enrich and adorn the mind in such a way that poverty, affliction, or the wrinkles of age cannot impoverish it. Still there are many who will little heed all our croaking. They are such who, if shut up in a room with nothing better than a *well-stored library*, would, for weeks and months together, sit watching the coming and departing day in painful idleness, rather than gather, from the pages near, consolation in affliction, or learn philosophy to enable them to forget their imprisonment. To the mind delighting in the study of good and instructive books, it matters but little whether the place of its research be on the hill-side, with the winds of summer nestling on the page, and the glorious sun steeping the brow, or, in the dull unworldly cloister, shut out from the breath of heaven, in the silent hours of night—to such a one it is all the same whether her bed be on the mountain heath, or the downy couch; while the *brainless belle* of the drawing-room, who rarely scans a page, or dares to think—who uses her voice only to torture sense in the use of sounds—who delights only to converse on the last *bon mot* about Victoria, or recite an epigram about her exquisite appearance in the dance—this *belle*, with the milliner's patterns of "the latest fashions" in her hand, will call herself a *lady*, and be so labeled by public opinion. Instances of such might be given, who know no more of the literature of the day than they do of the arrangements of the planets—who never look into a book, except it be a *novel*, or a "lady's book," for a picture of the "*latest fashions*," or in the "*Elegant Letter Writer*," to find a model on which to build a high-sounding *billet-doux*, to some one of like capacity with herself. And such instances might be found without traveling as far as Japan.

But happy, thrice happy for this world of ours, there are others to whom the devotions paid to letters bring the purest enjoyment. To them the appearance of every *good new book*, is as the uprising

of a new star to the eye of the firmament-gazer. No lady of mind can be insensible to the benefits arising from the general circulation of sound intelligence, whether it be through the medium of the ungraceful newspaper, the more highly finished magazine, or the elegant octavo. Every new book, if it be useful and chaste in its tone, must add something to the general stock of knowledge.

As to the pleasure to be found in books, let those testify who have tasted it, and are able to draw the contrast between the pleasure found in frivolous amusements, or monotonous idleness, and the pleasures of "increasing in knowledge." Lady Jane Grey was once asked why she went not out to enjoy the pastime and amusements of the park. She replied, "All their sport in the park is but a shadow to that pleasure I find in Plato. Alas! good folk, they never felt what true pleasure means. My book hath been so much pleasure, and bringeth daily to me more and more, that, in respect of it, all other pleasures are to me but trifles and troubles."

I have given a short homily on a short text; and, if it should prove uninteresting and dull to the reader, she will now be relieved by its close.

#### FOR A YOUNG MOTHER'S ALBUM.

BY WILLIAM BAXTER.

WRITE for your album! Shall I write  
Some legend dark of olden times—  
How warriors fought for fame, or gold,  
Or minstrels sung in sunnier climes?

Ah, no! a humbler strain be mine,  
Though to my ear 'tis sweeter far  
Than tales of banner'd hosts, and all  
The stern and proud delights of war.

I'll tune my peaceful lyre to sing  
Of pleasures which know no alloy—  
Which find their dearest haunts among  
The scenes of pure domestic joy.

A slumb'ring babe's soft breathings seem  
To fall upon my list'ning ear;  
A mother by its cradle bed  
With look serene is ling'ring near.

How sweet that calm, untroubled sleep!  
Yet when those silken eyelids part,  
What joy beams in that mother's eye—  
What joy swells in that mother's heart!

In gazing on a scene like this,  
I've smil'd to see that mother's pride,  
And thought that mother seem'd a rose—  
The babe a rosebud by her side.

Then be it thine to rear this flower,  
To teach its beauties to expand,  
Till child and mother, rose and bud,  
Shall bloom in heav'n's unfading land.



"WHAT CAN I DO?"

BY MRS. CROSS.

"Count that day lost, whose low, declining sun  
Views from thy hand no worthy action done."

THE interrogation which I have placed at the head of this article, would seem almost superfluous, when we remember that every highway and by-way of life is teeming with objects upon which to lavish exertion. But many, with a vague desire to be usefully active, find themselves in the situation of the prince in the fairy tale, who, when he came within the vicinity of the magic fountain, was so distracted by the multitude of voices that aspired to direct his way, as to be quite incapable of deciding which was the right path. Thus the multiplicity of objects often prevents the power of selection; and between inaction and irresolution, life passes away unimproved, and none is the better for our sojourn among men.

It is said that one of the three things which Cato regretted during his lifetime, was, that he had ever spent a day in inaction. Newton, after all his splendid achievements in science, declared that he had been but gathering pebbles on the seashore, while the great ocean of truth stretched out in mystery before him. And Johnson, in the zenith of his literary success, as the eagle soaring to the sun, paused for retrospection, and exclaimed, "What have I been doing?"

*If we look within ourselves*, we shall find enough to do—a mind to be expanded and improved—a heart to be purified by faith, and perfected in love—a work which shall control the current of our eternal being. The material is furnished, on which is to be wrought the likeness of Divinity; and the instruments for the work are put into our hands. The soil and the seed are given, from which we are to realize the full harvests of knowledge and virtue; but the ploughing, the sowing, and the reaping, are our own. "The mind that would be happy must be great." The talent was never intended to be wrapped in a napkin, and buried in the earth. The jewel was not made to be concealed in the casket for ever. The child of rare intellectual endowments, should be the hero of rare intellectual achievements; and he who spends his blooming springtime in mental indolence and sloth, has nothing to anticipate but a fruitless summer, a dreary autumn, and a winter of despair.

Man is an embryo of immortality. We live and labor for the life to come. "Though the body," says Mrs. Lincoln, "is sister to the worm and the weed, the soul may aspire to the companionship of angels, and claim kindred with God. It is a flower destined to bloom in the empyreal Eden—a gem destined to gleam in Immanuel's coronal. Its preciousness drew Divinity down to earth, and its redemption

cost the dying agonies of the Prince of life. But salvation, though purely a gratuity of divine love, is conditioned on our faith and holiness. There is no deliverance from the thralldom of sin, and no qualification for the kingdom of heaven, but through the earnest co-operation of the creature with the Creator. Therefore saith the apostle, "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling; for it is God that worketh in you, both to will and to do, of his good pleasure." Sin must be renounced; Christ must be apprehended by faith; the heart must be kept with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life; the rank growth of passion must yield to the fruits of the Spirit; the rose and the myrtle must supplant the thistle and the thorn; and the strong man armed must surrender the citadel to a stronger. The evangelical subjugation of the heart is an achievement prouder than a thousand conquests, and shall wreath the victor's brow with laurels of immortal verdure.

*If we look around us*, we shall discover many avenues opening to usefulness, some one of which is adapted to each person's peculiar talents and pecuniary condition in life. God has commissioned us with a ministration of benevolence and mercy—a work which surely brings its recompense, if not in this life, in that which is to come. "Cast thy bread upon the waters;" if it flow not back upon the returning current, it shall come ere long in blessings to the bosom of the giver.

We are apt, as Hannah More says, to extenuate our inaction in reference to the various enterprises of philanthropy, by the plea that our sphere of operation is so circumscribed, and our influence so limited. As well might the planet pause in its orbit, and refuse to perform its revolution, because its circuit does not take in the circumference of the universe. Every one does not possess wealth to lavish upon the indigent, but every one may sometimes relieve his neighbor's necessities, and make glad the heart of the widow and the orphan. Shall he withhold his pittance, because he cannot fill up the coffers of charity with an ostentatious display of gold? The poor widow's farthing was graciously recognized by our Savior, and he said, "She hath cast in more than they all." As Mr. Summerfield once remarked, God estimates the amount given by the amount withheld. The pauper's mite counts more in heaven than the miser's million, because the pauper has parted with all his living, while the miser has millions yet in store. What though I cannot do a deed which shall go down to posterity, tinged with the golden coloring of fame—what though my name may not be emblazoned, with that of a Howard or a Ross, on the records of philanthropy; nor my memory descend to other generations, linked with turret and tower, shall I, therefore, do nothing? Shall I refuse to improve my one talent, because I have not ten? Did Napoleon abandon the passage of the

Alps, because he could not scale the eminence at a leap? Shall the stream linger at its fountain, because it does not burst forth an ocean? That crystal drop, trickling from a crevice in the rock, shall blend with other drops, and form a rivulet; and the confluence of many rivulets shall constitute a river, which shall roll on, in swelling majesty, through the continent of a thousand miles. "There is nothing in the earth so small that it may not produce great things; neither is any thing vast, that is not compacted of atoms." Our individual efforts may seem insignificant, but each is a link in the great chain that draws on the millennium. Our individual influence may appear inutile, but each is a soldier in the great army of Christian philanthropists, who follow the Captain of their salvation to the conquest of universal evil, and the ultimate emancipation of the world. "This pebble which I cast from my hand," says Thomas Carlyle, "shall change the centre of gravity of the globe!"

But there are claims upon our attention, other than those of alms-giving. "The streams of small pleasures fill the lake of happiness." The kind word, the soft and gentle tone, even the friendly glance of the eye, may sweep, with trembling felicity, the chords of many a sorrowful heart. Sympathy is a thing of peculiar power. Its smile is like the sunshine, and its tears are like drops of pearly dew. It has won an entrance into hearts which gold could never penetrate. It has revived the withering flowers of virtue, arrested the career of desperate sensuality, and wheeled the bacchanal's chariot hard on the brink of the unsounded gulf. It has cheered a thousand desolate hearthstones, and sent a fresh tide of enjoyment through a thousand weeping circles. It has thwarted the pilgrim's rayless horizon with a beam of daylight, thrilled the bosom of the dying culprit with a new life-pulse, and dashed from the lip of misfortune the chalice of despair. It has fanned into a flame the dying embers of genius, and rolled superincumbent mountains from the struggling intellect, developing a Horner, a Milton, or a Goethe.

"What can I do?" I can do much—much to gladden earth, and people heaven. There are woes which I cannot reach, and evils which I cannot cure; but let me break the blow which I cannot avert, and mitigate the sorrow which I cannot remove. If I may not shine with a Zinzendorf and an Eliot in the constellation of philanthropy, yet let me contribute what I can toward turning the wilderness into a fruitful field, and making the parched desert redolent of flowers. If I may not write my name with Newton's among the stars, or with Washington's upon the roll of military fame, at least let me record it in living characters upon the human heart, and win for myself a crown whose value is to be estimated only by the blood of Jesus, and whose radiance is unrivaled even by the orbs of heaven!

#### LIGHT AND LOVE.

In the action of light, unattended by love, there is full evidence that reason is made the standard of belief. The record of the past and the experience of the present are replete with the clearest testimony to the validity of this position. The action of light upon mind begets an unwarrantable confidence in intellectual ability; hence, every thing must be clear to the vision of feeble reason, or it is instantly rejected. No other authority can be received, no other evidence will be taken, and no other testimony admitted. The voice of God is unheeded. This standard, then, becomes a fragile crucible, however small and wanting capacity, into which every truth must be thrown, and here, being fully reduced, must bear the rational impress before embraced. It is made an altar, lit only by an earthly flame, before which every subject must appear, and meanly bow in homage. With a groveling dignity it takes the judgment seat, and every thing, whether on earth or in heaven, must come to its petty tribunal, and answer its interrogations. Soon infallibility comes to be fixed upon its decisions, and there is no variation answering to its development. It matters little whether the reason be well educated and powerful, or illiterate and imbecile, it impiously dares to assume censorship over the works and revelations of Jehovah. The beardless youth, who has never so much as seen the first line in Virgil, or reached the simplest problem of Euclid, alike with the ablest skeptic, fears not to decide, with unwavering certainty, upon problems that angels cannot solve.

But light alone is incompetent to the full examination of reason's endless chain; and hence, again the introduction of skepticism. This chain, united link by link, reaches from man, through angels, up to God. In man is only seen the earliest dawn and feeblest twilight of reason; in angels is beheld its rising, spreading light; in God appears its burning and eternal noon. Light commences the examination of this chain, and ascends upward as far as its ability will permit, and then, forsooth, because it cannot discover another link, most absurdly denies its existence; hence, all beyond is contrary to reason, and all below hangs upon nothing. Here love, with its eagle eye, takes up the investigation; and, in the vision of faith, which is the evidence of things not seen, carries on the work, ascending still higher, until at length the golden chain is discovered to reach the great Eternal. Hence, when light, from its inability to fully discover the great truths of revelation, declares them opposed to reason, and therefore absurd, love enters, points to a link still upward and much brighter, which, if discovered and developed, would remove the absurdity and show the reason. Things, then, that appear inconsistent to lower reason, may be most consistent to higher reason. The feeble powers of childhood see many



inconsistencies which the maturity of age fully removes. The uneducated mind, with its small capacity, finds numerous errors where the educated discovers only truths. Now, since there is an immeasurable distance between the finite and the infinite reason, a contradiction most glaring to the former may appear an argument most complete to the latter. Here is manifest the appropriate work and beautiful harmony in the reciprocal action of these two great principles. Love inspires such a confidence in heavenly truths, and light in earthly truths, that, when united, they seem, in some spiritual way, to bring both worlds together. The choicest graces from above seem descending, whilst the noblest virtues from below seem ascending; and so they approximate each other, until there is formed the sweetest union in the intelligent, sanctified soul.

There are many instances in illustration of this union—some among those who have always lived in the woodland cottage—who have died unpraised and are quite unknown: others there are who have received their meed of praise and share of song; and from these we select a few. Newton was pre-eminent in intellectual ability. He held a close communion with nature, placed a burning light in her hidden retreats, and seemed quite at home along her unfrequented paths. His thoughts went forth like the thoughts of others; but, unlike theirs, in return they came laden with new and unknown fruits. Objects that had been passed and repassed by thousands of others, as of trivial import, and little interest, by him were magnified into a world of consequence. He caught the apple in its swift descent, and made it tell the reason of its fall, and then demanded of the sun, the moon, and earth, and other spheres, if they were not affected by the same strong force. A loud responsive echo answered, Yes! He stopped the sunbeam in its rapid flight, and made it take its mantle off, and rest awhile, and, lo! within its bosom slept the rainbow hues; and there he saw in beauty blended every tint that shades the eastern sky, or mingles on the blooming flower. Thus, although he was nature's *great adorer*, he paid his earliest worship to the only God, and claimed to be an heir of heaven. Love had begotten such a religious integrity and high moral sentiment, that whoever dared, in his presence, to abuse the Bible, insult its Author, or defame its religion, received a severe and merited rebuke. Edwards and Fletcher, illustrious while living, and victorious when dying, have left unclouded evidence of this union. Love in its fullness, and light in its clearness, rose to an unrivaled ascendancy in the dominion of their spirits. They manifested powerful thought and angelic feeling. Of Wesley it has been most beautifully said, "The angels of light and love came down from heaven. Light illumined his head—love softened his heart. Light circled his brow with a halo of intellectual glory—love swelled his soul until the Church could

not contain him. The British isles could not keep him, and the *world* became his theatre of action." The Crucified was the pattern he copied, and hence, in the record of his character is exemplified the richest development of these great principles. The one does not succumb to the other, but both bear an equal and harmonious sway, and, united in the deep of the soul, awake a kind of spiritual melody that answers to the music of the universe. We wish to name another, and yet we hardly dare, because his memory is lingering with us still. Of him the poet has most truly sung,

"The Fisk of *memory* can never die."

We knew him while he lived, and saw him when he died. It was angel living, and it was holy dying. We heard him speak; and there was depth of thought and power of mind; but they were clothed in the sweet drapery of love. I need not add another word. We know the wisdom of his counsel, and the tenderness of his instruction. We have seen the kind solicitude he showed, and manlike dignity he wore. Within his soul there dwelt a childlike meekness, with a high-toned magnanimity; and on his countenance there lingered the mild repose of love, with the brighter glow of light. Here we see a harmony in mental and moral development, and behold most closely wedded the noblest of earth and heaven. In this union, then, are found the elements of true greatness and undying worth—the principles of choicest virtue, and the source of noblest joy and holiest bliss. Here brilliancy seems united with mildness, and powerful thought with gentle feeling. The sun and moon seem to have changed the course of their flight, and, moving toward each other, appear to have run in together; and the burning splendor of the one is mellowed down by the softening radiance of the other. Here the soul reaches its highest earthly elevation, exhibits a symmetry in its development, and shows man in the mirror of heaven.

It may now appear that light alone has a skeptical tendency, is inadequate to the wants of man, and poorly answers the great end of human existence. There is danger, then, in the too great admission of light, and the forcible expulsion or even careless neglect of love. Hence, that education which warmly embraces the former, and coldly repels the latter, is eminently perilous to national as well as individual interests—to truth as well as piety. In confirmation of this, we might add the names of statesmen and legislators, who, from long experience and close observation, have avowed the same sentiment, and shown its truth. It ought to be written in golden characters on every American standard—it ought to be engraven with the diamond's point upon every American heart. I know that the unprincipled skepticism of the present age, which has "stolen the livery of heaven" to do its deeds of darkness in, would conceal this truth—would make men angels, all except their heart and wings, and teach them that

light is the only requisite for human happiness and national success. But every example on record is against it; and I should as soon expect to see the coming tempest and rising billow cease to move at the nod of a worm, as to find national prosperity perpetuated, and human happiness continued, with ever so much light and intelligence, without love and religion.

If, in the education of the present age, there is any one object that absorbs and swallows up every other, as the river does the brooks that glide to its brink, it is the increase of intelligence and diffusion of light. If there is one sound louder, more distinct, and that rises above every other, and falls impetuously upon our ears, it is the cry for more light. If there is one desire deeper and more powerful, and more steady in its advances to its object than all others, it is that of becoming learned. To this grand effort, it would be almost unpardonable to offer a single check; for American mind seems fast approximating a period, when its powerful thought and inventive genius shall change their direction; and, rather than be all engaged in the useful, will commence giant labor in the literary, and soon give us a literature unsurpassed by that of any other nation. But, if I judge rightly, this rapidly growing desire for intelligence is dangerous, unless attended by an equally advancing desire for an enlarged benevolence and a fullness of love; for if the former quickly outstrips the latter, in consequence of continual stimulants, its very rapidity will become unmanageable, and, like the sweeping storm, it will leave irreparable injury as a consequence. If the moral powers are suffered to grow weak from inaction, to sicken and die from negligence and inattention, whilst the intellectual energies are augmenting their strength by constant exercise, soon, from a natural tendency, *love* and *holiness* will become obsolete, and reason will take their place. Here, then, I apprehend, is the danger; not that there may be too much intelligence, but too *little religion*—not that the intellectual powers may become too strong, but that the *moral powers* may become too weak. We cannot admit of any diminution of light, but we *do pray* for an abundant increase of love, that the dangerous disparity between intellectual and moral development may be removed, and the equilibrium of mind preserved.

Now, it seems to have been the original design and peculiar work of the Church to cultivate this holiness of heart, and warmly cherish this angel of love; but sometimes she has come so near the world, and appeared so much like it, that this strong impulsive feeling for education has mistaken her colors, and, entering the bosom of the Church, has somehow chilled her warm, gushing flow of love. By it she has been induced to call for ministers skilled in the varieties of learning, rather than in the "mysteries of godliness;" and if they could disclose the plan of salvation by scientific rules, or give the dissolution

of all things and the resurrection of the body from chemical laws, she might then think them qualified to tell the simple story of Calvary. But this simple yet powerful story, a thousand times reiterated, and yet ever new, must come from a heart of purity, and fall from the tongue of love, in order to reach, soften, and melt the soul. From hence we conclude that the minister's soul should be baptized in love as well as in light, and that in the union of these two baptisms there is a double unction. We think much of love. It is heaven-born and angel-like—the very dew-drop of paradise and diamond of glory. O, that every heart were full of it! When Goethe, the great German poet, had laid aside his harp, and was about to die, he raised his withered hand in token of departing life, and then exclaimed, "Open the shutters! open the shutters! and let in more light." This was truly manlike. But had he waved his hand in token of victory, and said, Open the shutters! open the shutters! and let in more love, it would have been godlike.

L. D. S.

#### CONSOLATION AT THE GRAVE OF A CHILD.\*

Jesus, the sinner's friend, when he took little children in his arms, and blessed them, and said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven," made no exceptions. Yesterday the same Savior of men spoke again in our presence, and in our sight—in the hearing of obedient angels, and nature, and death: Suffer little Helen to come unto me, and forbid her not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven. We strove to forbid it, until we saw it was his will; but now, though it costs our hearts a pang, we will acquiesce.

The parting of friends in this world is one of our severest afflictions; and the chilling vacancy we find in our hearts, after returning from the grave, is the most distressing sensation the Christian knows. Does death rob the circle of our adult connections,

"We miss their step on the stair—  
We miss them at the hour of prayer—  
All day we miss them—everywhere."

If an infant dies, the affliction is not less. When we see the empty chair, and the scattered playthings, and the books it has torn, and the pictures it once loved, we think again of the pain of parting. But connected with the death of children, there are several consolatory reflections:

*They die safe*—"for of such is the kingdom of heaven." No fears or misgivings follow *them* to the grave;

"And 'tis sweet balm to our despair,  
That heaven is God's and they are there."

*They escape from future trouble.* While they are

\* An extract from a sermon delivered at the funeral of a child, and furnished by request for the Ladies' Repository.



sweetly ignorant of ill, the fluttering spirit's wings are unbound, and they escape from the windy storm and tempest. Perhaps there is not one present to-day who is not ready to say, "Highly favored is the child that gains heaven, having escaped the disappointments and sorrows I have endured."

The sufferer is rarely left to the cold indifference of strangers—the parents' sleepless vigilance and the warm, sympathizing hands of friends generally smooth the infant's passage to the tomb. No one can take our place at the dying bedside of those we love. And here (I may speak of myself) is one of my afflictions. Five times hath death entered my father's house, and on all those occasions I have been absent. In the strange commings of spirits in this world, I sometimes think that,

"Do what I may, go where I will,  
There do they glide before me still;  
I feel their breath upon my cheek;  
I see them smile, I hear them speak,  
Till O, my heart is like to break."

Helen Martha Griffing, whose mortal remains we surround to-day, was a lovely child. She died after an illness of about twenty-five hours, aged about one year and one month. Like a bright dew-drop upon a sunny morning, she "sparkled, was exhaled, and went to heaven." As soon as the soul was released, we all knelt together, and followed the ascending spirit with our prayers to God, who hath enabled us to say, "Thy will be done."

Suffer me to describe a scene that occurred yesterday morning. The child is lying in its nurse's arms. The extremities are already cold, the lips motionless, and the powerless eyelids have fallen: the parents have taken a seat apart, in token of their loneliness: the luxury of tears is denied them; and their heavy sighs only stir the surface of their ocean grief. The angel that is always unseen is there, and an awe as of the Eternal has settled on every soul. All are present but two little sisters of the departing one; and *where are they?* Their voices that moment swelled from an adjoining room, and rose like angel forms over the deep grief they unconsciously deepened; and these are the words they sung:

"There is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign;  
Infinite day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.  
We're marching through Immanuel's ground;  
We soon shall hear the trumpet sound;  
And soon we shall with Jesus reign,  
And never, never part again.  
What! never part again?  
No, never part again.  
And soon we shall with Jesus reign,  
And never, never part again."

The place seemed raised "quite to the verge of heaven." Scarcely had the echo died away upon the walls, when the silver cord was loosed, and the spirit was spirit, and the clay was clay. Now the voice of earthly melody falls upon the dying ear, and now

the ear of the soul drinks in the sweet welcomes of sister spirits in the skies. Wafted upon the breath of one of Zion's songs, the cherub spirit spread its wings, and from a mother's arms ascended, escorted by angels, to the bosom of God.

To bereaved parents we say, *Patience! it is God!* Let him do what seemeth him good. One of earth's iron fetters is broken, and another golden link is added to the attractions of heaven; and while you bow to the stroke, get nearer the cross. And may this affliction prove as the angel that invited Lot and his family to a place of perfect safety!

To these little sisters let me say, Helen is gone to heaven; and the same Savior that prepared her, and invited her, and took her to himself, is now preparing a place for you. Love him with all your heart. Say, "My Father, thou art the guide of my youth;" and before you meet again, that tongue, now silent, will have learned to sing, and that pulseless form will bloom immortal.

"And there you shall with Jesus reign,  
And never, never part again."

O, death, we will be avenged for this invasion! Thy stroke, through grace, shall prove a messenger of life, and be converted into a double blessing. And this whole family shall triumph over thee in the deathless land.

"There past are death and all its woes—  
There beauty's stream for ever flows,  
And pleasure's day no sunset knows."

These *weeping friends* have one more admonition—one more call. Some of you have long wished for *your* day of release, and to-day feel more like repining than otherwise, that you were not permitted upon equal wing with the departed one. When a few years shall come, then you, too, shall be clothed upon with immortality. O, blessed day! Welcome thou morning immortal! These journeying spirits shall shortly sit down in the society of the spirits of the just made perfect, in the presence of our Savior and God. But are you yet in sin? O, hasten your escape from death eternal!

G.

#### HOPE IN SADNESS.

A TROUBLESOME scene is this sublunary world,  
Oft darkened by storms—overcast oft with gloom:  
The rocks from their heights by the tempest are hurled,  
And nature full oft wears the hue of the tomb.  
But why should our spirits by these be o'ercome,  
And wear the same solemn funereal hue,  
When the bright sun of hope strives their night to  
illumine,  
And the joy of past scenes in the soul to renew?  
O, let its bright beams shine within thy sad heart,  
And shed o'er thy soul their enchanting, soft spell:  
O, list to the truth they would fondly impart—  
"Fear not for the future—all yet shall be well."

G. W.

## WINTER AND SPRING.

## A FANCY SKETCH.

HARK! what mean those sounds of revelry and mirth? The voices of young and old are mingling in gay and happy strains. The silvery ringing laugh of childhood resounds from hill to hill, and the happy song of light hearts is wafted to my dying couch. And is it so? Are these rejoicings at my death? Know they not that he whose throne's

"A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,  
But urged by storms along its slipp'ry way,"

is now upon his dying bed? and will they with song and dance welcome his death throes? will they surround his couch in his last hour, and strew it with the flowers that he forbade to bloom? Yes, it is even so. I know the voice of the approaching one—it is that of my gay young rival, Spring. She comes, with a retinue, to banish me from earth. Ah! thus it ever is: the young, the gay, the sprightly, and the light-hearted are caressed, courted, and flattered, while the aged are left to perish, neglected and forlorn.

Yet *why* these rejoicings? I come at their bidding, and to do them good. I spread my warm and snowy mantle on the bosom of the Earth to protect her from the rude blasts of Boreas. I bade the gentle flowers rest; for they were weary of adorning themselves, and lifting their bright heads to meet the rays that fell so faint and sickly upon them. I laid them quietly to sleep within the bosom of mother Earth, and *now* they burst forth and rejoice in my death.

'Twas even thus they welcomed *me*. The trees put on their most gorgeous dress. The school-boy's heart grew lighter, as he looked on the firm, transparent sheet of water before him, and imagined himself gliding swiftly over its smooth surface. The school-girl's eye grew brighter as she saw my snowy offering descending; for she thought of the quiet fireside enjoyments, and the home hearth surrounded by its circle of loved ones. As my keen breath fanned her cheek, she recalled to mind, and put in practice the poet's words:

"Now close the shutters fast,  
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round," &c.

Even the invalid, who, you might suppose, with unstrung nerves and delicate frame, would most dread my approach, brightens at the sight of my rough visage. The wan, pale cheek is tinged with the most delicate rose hue: oppression and languor, occasioned by disease and fever, fled at my approach: the blood which had flowed in sluggish currents *now* moved more briskly: health, the greatest boon of Heaven, under my protecting care, once more deigned to visit the weary sufferer. Yet *now* that same invalid rejoices that my race is almost run. That same school-girl is singing songs in praise of Spring. That same school-boy is already trimming

his mimic boat, and arranging his fishing tackle, happy that my day of power is over. I may no more say to the noisy, babbling brook, "Stand still." Not a mountain so high but Spring has scaled its summit, to assert her rights; not a valley so extensive that she has not discovered its deepest and most remote recess, there to plant her standard, and assert her power. My strong congealed fetters dissolved before her breath like dew before the sun. My immense storehouses of snow and ice have been laid open to her inspection, and their wealth is now swelling the laughing stream and bubbling rivulet in obedience to her mandate.

All things are against me. Of all my once vast possessions not one remains. I have lost battle after battle, retreated from valley, hill, and mountain, till you see me what I am, a feeble creature of another age, shorn of my glory and power, breathing out the remainder of my existence on a couch of withered leaves. List! do you not hear the exulting cries of the victor? She comes to mock my dying agonies.

Not to mock thee, thou venerable, hoary-headed sire, breathed the gentle voice of Spring. We come to smooth thy pathway to the tomb. According to the course of nature, thy days must now be few, and we would strew thy downward way with flowers, that the setting of thy existence may be more beautiful than its rising. Think not that thou art less loved than myself because the children of men greet my coming with revelry and mirth. 'Tis ever thus with them. Constitutionally fond of change, they are attracted and charmed by every thing new or strange. Thy next return will be greeted with the same joy which marks my approach. Well would it have been for thy happiness hadst thou had thy birth in more northern lands. There the ice mountain ever stands undisturbed, a fitting throne for thy sway. There no gentle flowers could offend thy sight, or warn thee that thy dynasty was ephemeral.

At this address old Winter's stormy countenance relaxed its original sternness. His once fierce breath came slow and faint. A smile played for a moment upon his wan features, and he was no more. A cloud passed over the fair face of nature—even tender flowers drooped upon their stems; but Spring whispered, "Mourn not: Earth's benefactor is not gone for ever: he will return again when you are weary with the gay round of pleasure, and lay you down to rest, while murmuring breezes will sing lullaby." So saying, she breathed on all created things. The birds again poured forth their songs—the brooks leaped by more merrily—the flowers, "blushing at their own loveliness," looked up—each leaf and branch put on a deeper green—buds and flowers burst forth from what hitherto appeared to be dry and withered branches of old and lifeless trees—

"For, lo! winter was past."

LIZZIE.



## GLEANINGS IN ASTRONOMY.

BY PROFESSOR WATERMAN.

MR. EDITOR,—What can be more pleasing, and, at the same time, more useful, than the study of nature, evincing, as it does, the wisdom, power, and benevolence of the almighty Architect? From the drop of water, peopled with its myriad inhabitants, to the ponderous orbs that revolve in the clear blue of heaven, may alike be discerned the attributes of Deity. Every department of knowledge is but a revelation of God, made in different ways, and in varying circumstances, but all having reference to one great object—the happiness of his creatures. Yet how often is this overlooked! History is but the recorded dealings of God's providence in this world. Natural philosophy is but the knowledge of those laws which God has impressed upon the physical universe, and their various applications. The same may be said of every thing else to the study of which the mind can be applied.

It is to develop, somewhat in detail, this thought, as applied to the science of astronomy, that I shall ask the attention of your readers to a series of articles on this subject, of which this will constitute the first. And I shall pursue the subject just so far, and continue the series just so long, Providence permitting, as they seem interested and profited. My plan will be to devote a number to the consideration of each of the principal bodies of the solar system, with such remarks as may suggest themselves from the subject. We shall then take a wider range, and "tread the pathless way through regions infinite," till we find ourselves lost in immensity, or bowing before the central altar of the temple of the universe!

It may not be improper, at the outset, to mention two or three things, showing the importance of the study of astronomy, and the indebtedness of society to its aid, in many of the most important branches of knowledge and the arts.

In the first place, it is to astronomy that we are indebted for all our *ideas of time*. The rotation of the earth on its axis gives us the measure of the day. The revolution of the moon around the earth marks out the month; while the revolution of the earth around the sun numbers the finished years. For convenience, the day is divided into hours, the month into weeks, and the year into seasons. All these are astronomically marked—the hours by the shadow on the dial plate, the weeks by the phases of the moon, and the seasons by the relative positions of the earth among the stars. Thus, for all our ideas of hours, days, weeks, months, and years, are we indebted to the movements of the heavenly bodies. Few have ever considered this as they watched the hand on the mantle clock pursuing its time-beaten track, to the solemn beat of the pendulum. Many have found it necessary, in winter, to lengthen that pendulum rod,

and shorten it in summer, or vary its length as they removed from one part of the country to another. But few stopped to ask the reason why; and fewer still knew that they must seek the cause in facts developed by modern astronomy. Yet such is the truth.

Again: to astronomy we are indebted for all our knowledge of the *relative positions of places on the surface of our own globe*. We are accustomed to say one place is north, another south, another east, another west; that such a place is in such a latitude and longitude, and another in a different one; that the distance of one point from another is such and such; that such a sea is so many miles in length or breadth; that such an ocean is so many thousand miles across; that such a continent, or territory, or state, contains so many square miles of surface. Yet, in nine cases out of ten, probably, where distances are concerned, no other system of measurement has been adopted than that afforded by the stars. And where directions are indicated, we are indebted entirely to their aid.

It is, moreover, by the assistance which a knowledge of the stars affords, that the mariner ploughs his pathless way across the deep, committing his treasures, and, what is of much greater value, his life, to the treacherous wave. For years at a time he may reside on the trackless ocean, with scarce a sight of land, save when necessity compels him to seek some friendly shore to resupply his stock of provisions. And yet he knows, at every moment, where he is, how far from a distant, unseen shore, and more, how far from a fond home and family. And when the object of his absence is accomplished, he hesitates not a moment in reference to the *direction of his course*, when homeward bound; but fearlessly commits himself to the objectless ocean waste; and with naught but the stars for his finger-board and mile-stones, lays his course, and measures his way, with unerring certainty, toward his port of destination.

To our knowledge of astronomy we are indebted, also, for an explanation of the various celestial phenomena, which, in former days, occasioned often such terror to the nations. The poor benighted Sandwich Islander beheld with terror an eclipse of the moon, and with the most piteous wail exclaimed, "The gods are eating up the moon." The polished and intelligent Roman with like terror witnessed the appearance of a brilliant comet; and immediately sought the fanes of his country's gods, to avert some obviously threatened calamity. And when, in the same year, Julius Cæsar fell—a victim to the treachery of an assassin—the learned world instantly declared that the fearful event foretokened. Thus has it been, the world over, where the light of this science has not shed its illuminating beams. We wonder at the superstition and credulity of those who have preceded us, in regard to these things, forgetting that,

but for the light of modern science, the history of their fears would be but a transcription of our own.

FIELD OF ASTRONOMICAL RESEARCH.

Space, as far as we know, is infinite. The contrary is absolutely beyond our powers of conception. We shall, therefore, assume its infinity, and endeavor to keep this idea continually in our minds as we proceed. We shall not then feel surprised at many of the results to which the investigations of astronomers may conduct us. Since space is infinite, all our ideas concerning it must necessarily be relative. We must, therefore, consider detached portions of it at a time. We must, however, lay aside all our ideas of magnitude and distance, as applied to objects merely terrestrial, and prepare to grasp the idea of *immensity*, if that of *infinity* be beyond our utmost reach.

Let us, then, suppose a sphere to be cut out from this boundless expanse, having the sun for its centre, and the diameter of which shall be four billions of miles.\* This will include all the planetary portion of the solar system, together with a large number of the comets. Exclusive of the latter, which may not be inappropriately called *the messengers of the universe*, and whose numbers are reckoned by thousands, and, perhaps, millions, the sphere just mentioned will contain the sun—the presiding centre of the whole—eleven bodies revolving directly around him—technically called *primaries*—and eighteen, which revolve around these primaries, and are thus, by them, carried around the sun. These latter are denominated *secondaries*, or satellites. Thus this immense sphere will contain only thirty of the heavenly bodies; and of these only *six* are visible, from the earth, to the unassisted eye. This of itself will give us some idea of the magnitude of the field of astronomical research. If a sphere whose diameter is four billions of miles, contain but *six* visible luminaries, exclusive of the earth, how large a space will be necessary to contain all the stars which deck the midnight sky!

But the stars are themselves suns; and each star *may* be the centre of a planetary and cometary system even more extensive than our own. If so, we should be obliged to *cut out*, from the boundless expanse, a sphere of equal dimensions with the one mentioned above, for the “home of influence” of each star that decks the nocturnal sky. What a view does this thought present of the magnitude of the Almighty’s works! Yet the half of creation’s magnificence has not been unfolded. Some of these

little sparkling gems of night are found not only to be suns, but to be double, triple, and even sextuple in their character! *Six* suns in one and the same system, each surrounded by his own attendant, and shining by self-supplying lustre!

Again: all the stars visible to the naked eye, and millions more, which the telescope unfolds to view, form only *one* cluster in the universe; while more than two thousand such clusters, and many of them perhaps even richer in stars than our own, are known to exist. The one to which the solar system belongs, is found to extend in length no less than one thousand times the distance of the nearest fixed star, and two hundred times the same distance in breadth, containing probably not less than ten millions of stars, or, more properly, ten millions of suns! Of the two thousand such clusters, the most distant is barely distinguishable by the most powerful telescopes. But this is probably, in no sense, the boundary of the creation, although it must constitute the limit to the field of investigation, at least until greater improvements are made in the instruments for astronomical research.

In addition, however, to these, which are technically termed *stellar* nebula, there is another class of celestial objects, known by the name of *planetary* nebula. These last contain bodies of almost incomprehensible magnitude. So large are they, that *one* would more than fill the entire sphere containing the solar system!

Such is the field of investigation from which we propose to *glean*, for the entertainment, and, may it not be added, for the instruction of our readers. Who, in contemplating so magnificent, so boundless a field, will not be constrained to exclaim, with the pious observer in the fields of Bethlehem, “When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained, what is man that thou art mindful of him! and the son of man that thou visitest him!”

I cannot close this introductory article better than by quoting a paragraph from an address to the constellation Ursa Major, written by one of the gifted sons of our own beloved land, and which reveals as choice a vein of poetry, and as profound a knowledge of science, coupled with as lofty a spirit of devotion as is not often found combined in the writings of any of the sons of genius.

“Yet what is this, which, to the astonished mind,  
Seems measureless, and which the baffled thought  
Confounds? A span, a point, in those domains  
Which the keen eye can traverse. Seven stars  
Dwell in that brilliant cluster, and the sight  
Embraces all at once; yet each from each  
Recedes as far as each of them from earth;  
And every star from every other burns  
No less remote. From the profound of heaven,  
Untravel’d even in thought, keen, piercing rays  
Dart through the void, revealing to the sense  
Systems and worlds unnumbered. Take the glass  
And search the skies. The opening skies pour down

\* I shall use, throughout this series, the French method of enumeration, which divides all figures into periods of three, containing units, tens, and hundreds, of different orders or denominations. Thus, we have units, tens, and hundreds of thousands—units, tens, and hundreds of millions—units, tens, and hundreds of billions, &c. Thus, each period of three figures, beginning at the right hand, is of a different order, or denomination, from the preceding.



Upon your gaze thick showers of sparkling fire;  
 Stars, crowded, throng'd, in regions so remote,  
 That their swift beams—the swiftest things that be—  
 Have traveled centuries on their flight to earth.  
 Earth, sun, and nearer constellations! what  
 Are ye amid this infinite extent  
 And multitude of God's most infinite works!  
 And these are suns—vast, central, living fires—  
 Lords of dependent systems—kings of worlds  
 That wait as satellites upon their power,  
 And flourish in their smile. Awake, my soul,  
 And meditate the wonder! Countless suns  
 Blaze around thee, leading forth their countless worlds!  
 Worlds in whose bosoms living things rejoice,  
 And drink the bliss of being from the fount  
 Of all-pervading Love! What mind can know,  
 What tongue can utter all their multitudes,  
 Thus numberless in numberless abodes,  
 Known but to thee, blessed Father! Thine they are,  
 Thy children, and thy care; and none o'erlooked  
 Of thee! no, not the humblest soul that dwells  
 Upon the humblest globe, which wheels its course  
 Amid the giant glories of the sky,  
 Like the mean mote that dances in the beam  
 Among the mirrored lamps, which fling  
 Their wasteful splendor from the palace wall,  
 None, none escape the kindness of thy care—  
 All compassed underneath thy spacious wing,  
 Each fed and guided by thy powerful hand."

## PHILOSOPHY OF SCRIPTURE.

SAMSON.

THE history of Samson, (commencing at the thirteenth chapter of Judges,) whose birth was foretold by an angel, and whose life was a *mission* to the rebuking of a people, is rife with inference, and full of instruction.

It is told that the "child grew, and the Lord blessed him," and further, as marking his mission, that "the Spirit of the Lord began to move him at times;" and although his actions and motives seem to be after the common routine of nature, yet these circumstances were so overruled as to produce extraordinary effects, neither foreseen nor intended by the actor himself. And whilst he worked out his mission, and performed many acts of violence, it may be noticed that the rectitude of Providence was in no way compromised thereby, but that all things went on in regular course, from cause to consequence, showing that, whilst God acts by means, and renders results beyond the power of man to do, yet he does not suborn those means from their essential integrity, but, *amidst* these instances, shows rather the *leading of his own* hand to confound the power and overrule the best devised schemes of his enemies or rebellious subjects. Neither is there manifested any partiality or favoritism against this rule; for Samson himself, although he suffered grievous provocations, yet, it may be seen in the sequel, finally, by a natural revulsion, fell the victim of his own vindictive and outbreking temper. And although the manner of his death was grand and magnanimous—a delight to human admiration—yet not

the less was it a *suicide*—a suicide which, in its irresistible promptings, claims an excuse, of which few other instances, either in history or life, afford example; and though overruled to this act, still the penalty of death was the consequence of nature's extreme daring upon the actor.

Such histories as this, of which the Old Testament affords a few, should be understood in their full scope, or perhaps they were more mischievous than useful!

This young man appeared to be self-willed—none but a wife from among the Philistines, the enemies and oppressors of his nation, could please him; and in seeking her, he persisted not only in defiance of propriety, and the displeasure of his people, but also of the pleadings of his father and mother, who urge not any objections of their own—not any arbitrary or unreasonable dictation, but only say, "Is there never a woman among the daughters of thy brethren, or among all my people, that thou goest to take a wife of the uncircumcised Philistines?" Mark the concentrated selfishness of the reply! Passing over all their remonstrances, he only says, "Get her for me; for she pleaseth me well." Mark, too, that, as he "had his own way," so he also took the consequences, which seem to run in the very order in which they had been deprecated. Was not this very wife the plague of his heart, making mischief between the parties, preferring her own people before him, and treacherously expounding to them his riddle, to his detriment and loss. "His riddle;" for in the wantonness of his heart, and perhaps to introduce an instance of his own prowess, at his bridal feast he had "put forth a riddle." Little did his mirth divine the outgoings and cost, the disquiet and wranglings, the blood of that riddle!

To pay the forfeit of his riddle, which he had himself expected to gain, "he went down to Askelon, and slew thirty men, and took their spoil, and gave change of garments unto them that expounded the riddle." What incontinence of selfish pride is marked by this act! Samson could not humble himself, and say, "I have not wherewith to pay my forfeit: you have won, yet I pray you forgive me the price;" but "he went down to Askelon, and slew thirty men" for their spoils. Moreover, he was disquieted in spirit, "his anger was kindled," and he said, "If ye had not ploughed with my heifer, ye had not found out my riddle." "His anger was kindled, and he went up to his father's house." How natural to seek solace and comfort in the bosom of affection when we are vexed and troubled!

"Samson's wife was given to his companion, whom he had used as his friend." What aggravation of abomination does the latter clause of the above sentence imply! And when, after awhile, Samson would again have received his wife, her father put him off, saying, "Is not her younger sister fairer than she? Take her, I pray thee, instead

of her." This certainly was a very loose proceeding throughout, and marked the grossness both of the husband and the father, as well as the passive and constrained condition of the females at that date of the world.

Yet Samson was displeased at this forbidding, and, may-be, also at the proposal; for immediately he says, "Now shall I be more blameless [marking only the degree, and not the depravity of revenge] than the Philistines, though I do them a displeasure." "Displeasure" we should now think a mild word for tying three hundred young foxes together, a fire-brand between each two, and "sending them forth into the standing corn of the Philistines, and burning up the shocks, and the vineyards, and olives."

But this was not the end of the strife; for the Philistines, inquiring the cause of this outrage, and being informed that Samson had done it, because the Timnite had given his daughter, the wife of Samson, to his companion, they turned about, whether in revenge of Samson, or in fear of him, and went up and "burnt her and her father with fire." What barbarities does an early state of society frequently present!

Yet was not Samson's wrath appeased. He probably felt that sacrifice was not restitution; and it was not his pride, but his affection that was wounded; and he goes on to say, "Though ye have done this, yet will I be avenged of you, and after that I will cease." This unhappy man, bereaved, betrayed, and heart-broken, becomes weary of strife, and in his extremity he is *prophetic*—"after that I will cease." Again he is upon his enemies; and after smiting them "hip and thigh with a great slaughter," he retires to the "top of the rock of Etam," which is in Judah. Upon this the people came up and "pitched in Judah, and spread themselves in Lehi," to bind Samson. Then the people of Judah hold a remonstrance with Samson, saying, "Knowest thou not that the Philistines are rulers over us?" setting forth the probable consequences of his act. Upon this Samson still goes on with his self-assumed scale of comparative retributions, (all that is equal is right,) saying, "As they did unto me, so have I done unto them." And when they tell him, "We have come down to bind thee, that we may deliver thee to the Philistines," there is still alive within his desolate heart a touch of sympathy. Submitting to this, he says, "But swear unto me that ye will not fall upon me yourselves."

Sometimes we may suppose that he is barely himself, and actuated by purely natural impulses; and at others, when there is work to be done, he is possessed of the full power of his mission. Being delivered up, and brought to Lehi, the Philistines shouted mightily upon him. (Mark, now, the fallacy of human exultation!) "And the Spirit of the Lord came mightily upon him, and the cords ['two new cords'] that were upon his arms became as flax

that was burnt with fire, and his bands loosed from off his hands." Again: "He found a new jaw-bone of an ass, and put forth his hand, and took it, and slew a thousand men therewith;" and "cast away the bone out of his hand."

Still it would appear that he had not yet consummated his revenge, or else it marks more convincingly the divine inspiration of his prophecy concerning his death, as having himself no determinate plans of procedure to that effect.

Again: "He was sore athirst, and called on the Lord," that he might not, after all his great achievements, be left to die of thirst. This again may mark his prescience of a signal death. And he was heard: "And the Lord clave a hollow place that was in the jaw, and there came water thereout;" and so he was relieved.

Consorting with a woman, he is brought again into danger; but in escaping performs the feat of carrying off "the doors of the gate of the city, and two posts, bar and all, and carried them up to the top of a hill that is before Hebron." Samson seems for ever given up to the allurements of vicious and false-hearted women. We read again that "he loved a woman in the valley of Sorek, whose name was Delilah." To this woman the lords of the Philistines promise to give eleven hundred pieces of silver each, if she will entice him to tell wherein his great strength lieth. Samson, beguiled by her blandishments, and strangely regardless of treachery, sports with the subject, and puts her off with one and another device or evasion; and confiding, probably, in his secret power, he allows her to bind his hands with the "seven green withs" which had been supplied to her by the Philistine lords, as pretended by Samson to be effectual over his strength. Now there were liars in wait abiding in the chamber; and Delilah said unto him, "The Philistines be upon thee, Samson. And he brake the withs as a thread of tow is broken when it toucheth the fire. So his strength was not known." Again and again, by other devices, does Samson elude the importunities of Delilah upon this subject.

Notice with what bold effrontery this shameless woman charges upon Samson the very deceptions which she is herself practicing against him at the moment. "How canst thou say, I love thee, when thine heart is not with me?" "thou hast told me but lies," &c.; whilst her very reproach implied not surely love for him, but her eagerness to betray him; and at the time, not her words only, but all her actions were nothing else but "lies." And still his infatuation continues; and, because unrebuked by him, Delilah appears unconscious of any sin against him. Such is often the heartless logic of a selfish favorite! And she persisted to tease him more and more, until "his soul was vexed unto death, that he told her all his heart." How indiscreet that he should expose himself to her importunity; for surely "constant dripping will wear away a stone." Strange that he should expect to



palter with a subject, yet keep it secret! Says the great philosopher of the human heart, "Give thy thought no tongue." And this is indeed the only way to guard a secret.

Had Samson avoided vicious associations, he might perhaps have guarded his own integrity; but he seems to be deluded and lost in a perfect dotage of fondness and folly—he could not be taught by experience. Having revealed his secret, and being "shorn of his strength," "the Philistines took him, and put out his eyes, and brought him down to Gaza, and bound him with fetters of brass; and he did grind in the prison-house."

Dagon was the god of the Philistines, and in their idolatry they would fain offer to him a sacrifice, saying, "Our god hath delivered Samson our enemy into our hand." "And when their hearts were merry, they said, Call for Samson, that he may make us sport." They placed him "between the pillars of the house," as *they* probably believed, because it was a central and conspicuous place. "And Samson said unto the lad that held him by the hand, Suffer me that I may feel the pillars whereon the house standeth, that I may lean upon them. Now the house was full of men and women: and all the lords of the Philistines were there: and there were upon the roof about three thousand men and women that beheld while Samson made sport. And Samson called unto the Lord, and said, O Lord God, remember me; I pray thee, and strengthen me, I pray thee, only this once, O God, that I may be at once avenged of the Philistines for my two eyes. And Samson took hold of the two middle pillars upon which the house stood, the one with his right hand, and the other with the left. And Samson said, Let me die with the Philistines. And he bowed himself with all his might; and the house fell upon the lords, and upon all the people that were therein. So the dead which he slew at his death were more than they which he slew in his life."

Mark the heedless stupidity of the Philistines, who, after having once shaven Samson, in their wanton assurance neglected to do it again! Mark the signal retribution upon the Philistines for adding mockery to the cruel infliction of putting out Samson's eyes! Mark their vain boastings, and the confounding of their false god, by their overthrow!

Samson, in his natural character, is an example, showing that the headlong, and passionate, and blood-thirsty, tend naturally, in their whole course, to a violent death; whilst, in his low associations, he places a traitor within the citadel of his "strength," who beguiles him of his secret, and thus delivers him over to his enemies.

Samson's history is a twofold case. And as God condescended to make use of him, so we may believe that he was not *finally*, as after the wont of men, thrust away and trodden under foot, when of no further use.

C. M. B.

## THE VALUE OF PEACE.

"Peace, the full portion of mankind below."

ETHICAL POLITICS is a study elevating to the mind, and it ought to be assiduously taught to the rising generation. "Peace—good will toward men," was the most glorious announcement that fallen men could receive from heaven; and should they be less inclined to announce it to each other, than to receive it from their gracious Creator?

The many and paramount advantages derived by society from the diffusion of Christianity, which enjoins that we do unto others as we wish them to do unto us, ought to make us careful that the often repeated assertion of the progress toward perfection made by the world in the nineteenth century, is more than a vain boast. If it be true that "peacemakers are blessed," and if the converse be no less so, how awful is the condition of those who, from a desire to promote their private schemes, or temporal preferment, or from mere malevolence, hazard the happiness of their fellow-men, by sowing, like the evil one, the tares of dissension and animosity in the wheat field of the world!

Many benevolent minds, after mature reflection, have been brought to the conclusion that war, under *any circumstances*, is wrong. And as, in the present state of public affairs, it may be productive of good to enter into a brief examination of this important matter, we shall take an extreme case for our consideration; and, in so doing, we shall find, as has frequently, and by eminent pens, been asserted, that even the American Revolution forms no exception to the general argument against war, whether it be entertained in a religious, or in a moral and political point of view.

To discuss the matter fairly, it will be necessary to glance, first, at the benefits and evils that resulted from the Revolution; and, secondly, at the condition of this country, that would, probably, have been consequent upon an adherence to peace principles; and this we shall do as concisely as possible, merely premising that, in order to entertain the matter dispassionately and philosophically, it is necessary, as much as practicable, to divest the mind of all national prejudices and preconceptions.

With the benefits of independence, proceeding from the Revolution, we need not occupy much attention. We find them panegyricized and amplified in every political oration, and in every newspaper: all that can be required, in the present argument, is, to agree to all that is claimed to the fullest extent. But greatly as human liberty is above all price, and dearly as every man ought to prize it, the question, here, is not whether slavery or war is preferable, but whether, as we shall afterward see, all the advantages could not have been obtained without a recourse to hostilities.

As to the evils of war, they are innumerable—immeasurable. Since every word that is uttered, has an effect upon the moral and social condition of the world, how shall we be able to compute the amount of animosity and evil passion that the Revolution gave birth to? The loss to England and America of one hundred and fifty thousand lives, and the waste of seven hundred millions of dollars, (part of which lies imbedded at the bottom of the sea,) the immediate and present consequences of the war, were but trifling when compared with the amount of suffering by distant families, the neglect of industry, the introduction of the law of violence, the injury done to moral feeling, and the national antipathy, so strongly engendered, that, resisting all the power of conciliation, the peace of the world, and the happiness and industry of millions will be held in jeopardy by it, in all probability, for ever. At this very hour, these rankling passions, fanned as they have been by demagogues, who think that uttering national invectives is the best proof of their patriotism, and the surest step to preferment, are threatening to crimson our shores and the ocean with the blood of our people.

Next to the war of the Revolution, and as its secondary consequence, was the Revolution of France, with all its train of ambitions, of butcheries, barbarities, and massacres—glutting the sewers of Paris, the valleys of Switzerland, the rivers of Russia, and the Delta of the Nile with human victims, and destroying between two and three millions of the human race. To this amount of misery, may be added the increased necessity of continuing until now, enormous standing armies, by all the European nations; while the quartering of such hosts of unproductive consumers upon the industry of the rest, has been the cause of more vice, starvation and distress, in all their horrid forms, than the mind of man can possibly conceive.

But not to dwell longer upon these painful facts, let us consider what probably would have been the condition of these United States, had no revolution been undertaken or devised.

The attempt to levy a stamp duty and tea tax upon the unrepresented colonists, was so obvious a violation of the constitution, that to suppose it could have been persevered in, is perfectly absurd. Even at the time, as all well-informed persons know, the sense of the English people was totally and obstinately opposed to the acts of the ministry and their corrupt supporters. Indeed, nothing sustained the administration but the opposition of the colonies, which was represented as rebellion. In evidence of this, we may refer to such public documents as the energetic addresses and remonstrances of the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, of the livery of London, and of influential bodies of the people in various parts of the kingdom: all of which sufficiently show that, had the colonists contented themselves with

representing their grievances, the business would have been quietly settled for them on the other side of the Atlantic.

As to the probable condition of this country, in the event that no revolution had taken place, it must, of course, be impossible to determine the particulars; but, from the nature of the case, conjecture may be formed, to satisfy the mind that, with the exception of the imperfection that attends all human affairs, matters would have resulted for the welfare and happiness of the human race.

First, we may naturally suppose that the question of representation in the British parliament would have been agitated. Whether this would have been adopted or not, one thing is tolerably clear: namely, that our great distance from the seat of government would have rendered the appointment of a colonial congress, subsequently, indispensable. Before long, even the transmitting of congressional acts from such a vast territory, for the sanction of the crown, would have been found to be so detrimental to its local interests, that a measure of separation would, in all likelihood, have been peaceably agreed upon, and no other ties have been continued, than those of a commercial and social character, equally for the good of both parties.

If the present relations of Canada be urged against this view, we reply, first, that the more limited extent and resources of Canada make an important difference in the case; secondly, that the hostile attitude of the states, made England conceive it more necessary to retain possession of the strong posts and trade of the north; and, thirdly, that Canada, virtually, is much in the state of reciprocal commercial advantage above contemplated; since it is well known, that, so far from supplying any direct revenue, much more money of the British empire is expended in Canada, for canals and other improvements, than is obtained by the local taxation.

We may, then, very easily imagine that this immense and distant hemisphere, as it has often been said, "would have fallen off from the mother country by its own weight," continuing to possess a feeling of kindness and brotherhood, that must have insured the permanent peace, security, and social happiness of all. In that event, popularity would not have been the reward of pre-eminent success in exasperating the passions of the people against England, or any other power.

It is written in words that cannot err, "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." The philosophy as well as the duty of observing this heavenly announcement is obvious. Look to the conduct of individuals, and you will find that the prosperity of the boisterous and contentious man, is, indeed, an exception in the annals of human life. While he who is ready to forgive an injury, secures, by peaceable means, the protection of his own rights, and the favor of his fellow-men. Even the success



of cunning and duplicity is rare; and more rare still is it to find advantages so acquired continued, for any great length of time. But the meek and true-hearted man, though, in his probationary course, he may meet with trials and crosses from the unkindness and deceitfulness of the sinister and the malevolent, will be likely, in the end, to find his reward; and, at all events, he is sure to have the consolation of knowing that he deserves it. "Verily there is a reward for the righteous," &c.

Let not, then, any man play the blusterer, or the war-dog, on ever so small a scale, without knowing that he is eternally responsible. Let not the man who, by an irritating or inflammatory expression, even in private conversation, is preparing a conflagration that may not burst forth till after he has passed to his final account, think that he is guiltless, more than would be he who should place a match to his neighbor's house, intending it to take effect after he has made his escape. The blame of declaring war rests not solely with a cabinet or a senate. The officers of government are, generally, only the hands upon the dial plate, that indicate the will and exhibit the influence of the motive power below: more especially in a republic, where every individual has a share of political power. Every one who speaks or writes with acrimony, is whetting the battle-axe against the day of strife; and whenever the fatal day arrives, that man is accountable for the blood upon its edge.

Lastly, we ought to consider that war, deteriorating as are its effects upon the morals of community, is a thousand times more so under a republican than under a monarchical government. However corrupt or abandoned the soldiery of a standing army may become, from their violent and vicious habits in time of war, they are isolated from the people, and, on the return of peace, their sentiments and principles, depraved as they surely will be, have little influence beyond the limits of the barracks within which they are immured. But, of the thousands of young men who enroll themselves for a specified term of years, or to serve during a war, such as live to return, bring back into society the dissolute and contaminating opinions they have unhappily acquired by "evil communication" in the camp—by familiarity with injustice and outrage in plundering and foraging excursions, and with deeds of blood and violence in the field of human slaughter, and in the storming of fortified towns.

To prove how the mind, by a military life, can become insensible to the feelings of humanity, we need only allude to the case of the disbanded soldier in Ireland, who is stated to have declared to the people, before he suffered on the gallows for a murder, that "he could not conceive, when he had killed fifteen Frenchmen, during the war in the Peninsula, at the bidding of his officers, why he should now be hanged for taking the life of only one Irishman!"

Besides the evils already enumerated, there are thousands of others, many of which will occur to the mind at once. There are the sudden changes of occupation of vast numbers of men, who, during war, are consumers only, and on the return of peace are at a loss for employment—from the aggrandized contractor to the liberated drum-boy—and the various alterations in the monetary and commercial affairs of a country, (during the change in its political condition,) that disturb and perplex the social relations of the world.

For several years, obstacles, on the ground of economy, &c., have been thrown in the way of measures for the public good. For instance, the stone laid upon the National Road has been stolen, in consequence of a want of an appropriation for breaking and distributing it. And the road, so essential to the prosperity of the western country, has been suffered to go to decay. But the unnecessary talk about an unprovoked war, is sufficient to originate a bill ("which, no doubt," the papers inform us, "will pass,") for an appropriation of six millions of dollars, for the construction of ten war steamers. So much for the mere talk of war. And should that calamity come, and come it may, if this threatening and denunciation continue, we may expect, in the course of five years, an expenditure of one thousand millions; while the trade of the country—the means of paying off such an immense debt—will probably be destroyed, and have to be recommenced. This is a mere glance at the troubles that must ensue, and, in all likelihood, will oppress the country for fifty years to come, in case the expensive game of war should be volunteered. Will the people suffer political intriguers thus to trifle with their happiness, and to cause madness and infatuation to reign in the land?

Let us, then, earnestly expect that the pulpit and the press will sustain the cause of peace. Let us attentively and seriously meditate upon the whole matter, in connection with our individual obligations to obey the commands of our Creator and Redeemer, and we shall easily discover that philosophy, or what, if you will, we may term "self-interest," as well as religion, assures us, that "the meek shall inherit the earth, and shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace."

W. N.

MANY sensitive and gloomy persons render themselves perpetually unhappy, by ascribing unworthy motives to their friends. We should learn never to take offense at an act unless we *know* it was intended to give offense—never to attribute a bad motive where we can find a good one—never to charge a friend with culpability for an act of negligence without satisfactory evidence that it was not unavoidable—never to cherish unkind suspicions, or brood over unpleasant incidents and remarks.

## JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. L. F. MORGAN.

THE touching story of this young Hebrew maiden is one of the most interesting narratives of the Old Testament. Her father's affection for her so tenderly reciprocated; his magnanimity in adhering to a vow which, however rash and indiscreet, was held sacred by his piety, though its fulfillment robbed his troubled and checkered life of its only charm; and her instant acquiescence in the propriety of his decision, are, indeed, a fitting subject for poetry. No word of reproach or complaint escapes her lips. With the first announcement of his oath, her ready sympathy comprehended all the agony of his feelings, and she hastens, with a courage deep love must have given her, to confirm him in his resolve. The beautiful episode that has immortalized her fame, was among the earliest themes from which my imagination borrowed coloring for its airy shadows. I have so long made verse the embodiment of every thought relative to her, that in an attempt to sketch her portraiture, no tangible idea will present itself in any other form. If my poetry prove even more prosaic than my prose, I entreat the reader to dismiss it from her memory, and gather her conception of my heroine from the representation of the eleventh chapter of Judges only.

Behold that chief, with folded arms, and eye  
Now bent to earth, now humbly raised on high,  
His form erect and calmly firm his look,  
"Whom pity mov'd but terror never shook:"  
His prayer is said, and trac'd in heav'n his vow,  
And conquering faith sits thron'd upon his brow.  
A marshal'd host prepar'd for war is seen,  
Who gather courage from their general's mien;  
Wide o'er the field the hostile bands advance,  
He marks their movements with a practiced glance,  
Leads coolly on; and soon through all the plain  
Tumult prevails, and Israel's foes are slain;  
But not by Israel's might, for God was there,  
And yielded victory to the chieftain's prayer.

His task achieved, behold the conqueror come  
To taste once more the tranquil joys of home,  
Where one that hour awaits his wish'd return,  
And longs yet fears her father's fate to learn.  
She was his treasur'd child—his only one—  
More dear than aught beside beneath the sun.  
For every human ear there is a strain,  
Which broken once can never come again;  
There is a page to every history giv'n,  
Bright with some tints which make us dream of heav'n;  
There is one star amidst the darkest sky;  
One spring of hope when all beside is dry;  
One spot of green along the dreariest road;  
One thought to lighten sorrow's heaviest load;  
One bright remembrance where all else is dim:  
Count up the sum, and such was she to him.  
How beats her anxious heart with hope and fear,  
How strains her ear each distant sound to hear.  
Hark! who is that? a herald comes to tell  
The welcome news, (thrice welcome,) all is well!  
Her heart essays in vain its thanks to speak,

Tears fill her eye and glitter on her cheek.  
She gives a sign, and soon, with timbrels sweet,  
A joyous band go forth her sire to greet.  
She leads the van, for swift her footsteps move,  
Made light by happiness, and urg'd by love.  
The victor comes—he hears a tuneful sound,  
And throws a quick and troubled glance around—  
A moment more, his arms have fondly prest  
The clinging form which rushes to his breast,  
In pure excess of joy; but who may tell  
The wild emotions which his bosom swell?  
Who paint the pangs of bitterness and grief  
Which crowded ages in that moment brief—  
The dark, tempestuous whirlwind clouds which roll  
Their deep'ning blackness through his anguish'd soul?  
Yet, in that hour of saddest, deepest gloom,  
No thought of treachery in his breast had room.  
True to his God, himself, his conscience still,  
His fatal vow he purpos'd to fulfill.  
Rending his clothes, upon his child he bent  
His mournful gaze, and thus his woe found vent:

Alas! alas! my daughter,  
Thy father's joy and pride,  
Who through long years of banishment  
Hath lingered by my side.  
Thy sweet affection never  
Before awoke such woe;  
Thou art of them that trouble me  
And bring my spirit low;  
For I have sworn to Heav'n,  
And cannot now go back,  
Though I persist in agony  
And mark with blood my track.

No explanation of his words she asked,  
She saw his heart was all too hardly task'd,  
And in his quivering features read full well  
The fearful doom his tongue forebore to tell;  
Yet ere upon the echoing hills had died  
His last faint tone, her soothing voice replied:

If thou hast sworn to Heaven,  
Thou must not falter now;  
Do with me, dearest father,  
According to thy vow.  
Since God hath taken vengeance  
For thee upon thy foes,  
Thy gratitude should render  
What thy obedience owes.

Nor when his tortur'd breast had poured forth all,  
Did she those sweet submissive words recall,  
Nor give a sign she deem'd his vow amiss.  
One little boon alone she crav'd—'twas this:  
A brief delay—with youthful friends once more,  
The mountain paths so often trod before,  
In sad companionship uncheck'd to range,  
And mourn the lot she show'd no wish to change.  
O! who the depths of that young heart may sound?  
Or trace the fine, mysterious links which bound  
Her yearning spirit to that mountain soil?  
Association weaveth many a coil  
Around the heart—it may be there to view  
Arose the brightest pictures fancy drew;  
It may be there before her vision came,  
The Hebrew maiden's proudest dream of fame.  
If this were true, no further light we need  
Her last request's significance to read;  
Since crushed the hope which girlhood's path perfum'd,  
She'd weep its withering where it first had bloom'd.  
But after all our speculations prove,  
It may be Jephthah's daughter only strove



From Jephthah's eyes the better to conceal  
The shuddering horror which she could but feel  
At her sad doom, and by her absence brief,  
To their long parting, reconcile the chief.  
Whate'er the thoughts her troubled mind indulg'd,  
The sacred penman leaves them undivulg'd,  
And merely adds, that to her slight request  
The chief his assent in one word express'd;  
But yet how much of concentrated woe  
Speaks to the heart in that brief answer, "Go."  
The most elaborate narrative would fail  
To touch our feelings like that short detail.

In fancy's dim perspective rises now  
The full completion of the father's vow.  
A mistlike scene is to our vision giv'n,  
Bright with the tints of Syria's evening heaven:  
A soft still beauty consecrates the spot,  
And nature smileth as if grief were not:  
A fragile girl beside an altar stands,  
Her cheeks are pale and slightly clasp'd her hands:  
The strength she sought so fervently is hers,  
And calm submission every glance avers:  
The chasten'd radiance of her thoughtful eyes,  
Tells of communion with the far off skies,  
To which she hastes—there is a brief delay—  
But fancy pauses farther to portray  
That lurid picture's strange and deep'ning shades,  
And in that pause the shadowy vision fades.  
Now to the Scriptural page again we turn,  
But from the hasty record only learn,  
That when the term that she had ask'd expir'd,  
The maid came back, and as his vow requir'd  
Her father did; and from that tragic date  
A custom rose memorial of her fate,  
For Israel's daughters yearly to frequent  
Those mountain haunts and there her doom lament.

## TO ONE WHO HAS LOST A FRIEND.

BY PROFESSOR WATERMAN.

THIS world would be most desolate,  
If fellow-feeling dwelt not here,  
And warmed the heart with sacred fire,  
When grief and sadness lingered near.

To lift the vail the heart oft spreads,  
And kneel before its inmost shrine;  
To share the pang it would conceal,  
Affords a solace next divine.

There is a sweetness in the tear  
That flows from genuine sympathy,  
Which naught this side the tomb can give  
In such transcendent purity.

I'd rather weep with those I love,  
When sadness weighs upon their heart,  
Than join the gayest scenes of mirth,  
Or quaff the pleasure they impart.

Forbid not, then, my tears to flow,  
When sadness on thy spirit preys,  
Nor check the sigh or heaving swell  
Which tells of kindred sympathies.

## NOTICES.

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY: *a Book of Thoughts and Arguments, Originally Treated. By Martin Farquhar Tupper, M. A., &c. First Series.*—This is one of the numbers of Wiley and Putnam's Library of Choice Reading; and if its associate works are equal to it, the series is surely well named. This little volume is a remarkable production—pure in morality, chaste in language, sound in philosophy, rich in imagery, and full of valuable proverbs and suggestions. Its theology is not altogether to our liking, but this will be no objection with those of different views from our own. We commend the work heartily; and to strengthen our recommendation, we give an extract from the chapter on Prayer, which is perhaps the most precious gem in the book.

"Perchance the terrible day, when the world must rock into ruins,  
Will be one unwhitened by prayer—shall He find faith on the earth?

For there is an economy of mercy, as of wisdom, and power, and means;

Neither is one blessing granted, unbesought from the treasury of good:

And the charitable heart of the Being, to depend upon whom is happiness,

Never withholdeth a bounty, so long as his subject prayeth;

Yea, ask what thou wilt, to the second throne in heaven:

It is thine, for whom it was appointed; there is no limit unto prayer:

But and if thou cease to ask, tremble, thou self-suspended creature,

For thy strength is cut off as was Samson's: and the hour of thy doom is come.

Frail art thou, O man, as a bubble on the breaker,

Weak and governed by externals, like a poor bird caught in the storm;

Yet thy momentary breath can still the raging waters,

Thy hand can touch a lever that may move the world.

O Merciful, we strike eternal covenant with thee,

For man may take for his ally the King who ruleth kings:

How strong, yet how most weak, in utter poverty how rich,

What possible omnipotence to good is dormant in a man!

Behold that fragile form of delicate transparent beauty,

Whose light-blue eye and hectic cheek are lit by the balefires of decline,

All droopingly she lieth, as a dew-laden lily,

Her flaxen tresses, rashly luxuriant, dank with unhealthy moisture;

Hath not thy heart said of her, Alas! poor child of weakness? Thou hast erred; Goliath of Gath stood not in half her strength:

Terribly she fighteth in the van as the virgin daughter of Orleans,

She beareth the banner of heaven, her onset is the rushing cataract,

Seraphim rally at her side, and the captain of that host is God,

And the serried ranks of evil are routed by the lightning of her eye;

She is the King's remembrancer, and steward of many blessings,

Holding the buckler of security over her unthankful land:

For that weak fluttering heart is strong in faith assured:

Dependence is her might, and behold—she prayeth.

Angels are round the good man, to catch the incense of his prayers,

And then fly to minister kindness to those for whom he pleadeth;

For the altar of his heart is lighted, and burneth before God continually,

And he breatheth, conscious of his joy, the native atmosphere of heaven;

Yea, though poor, and contemned, and ignorant of this world's wisdom,  
Ill can his fellows spare him, though they know not of his value:

Thousands bewail a hero, and a nation mourneth for its king,  
But the whole universe lamenteth the loss of a man of prayer.  
Verily, were it not for One, who sitteth on his rightful throne,  
Crowned with a rainbow of emerald, the green memorial of earth—

For one, a meditating man, that hath clad his Godhead with mortality,  
And offereth prayer without ceasing, the royal priest of nature,

Matter, and life, and mind had sunk into dark annihilation,  
And the lightning frown of Justice withered the world into nothing.

Thus, O worshiper of reason, thou hast heard the sum of the matter;

And woe to his hairy scalp that restraineth prayer before God.  
Prayer is a creature's strength, his very breath and being;  
Prayer is the golden key that can open the wicket of mercy;  
Prayer is the magic sound that saith to Fate, So be it;  
Prayer is the slender nerve that moveth the muscles of Omnipotence.

Wherefore, pray, O creature, for many and great are thy wants;

Thy mind, thy conscience, and thy being, thy rights commend thee unto prayer,

The cure of all cares, the grand panacea for all pains,  
Doubt's destroyer, ruin's remedy, the antidote to all anxieties.

So then, God is true, and yet he hath not changed:

It is he that sendeth the petition, to answer it according to his will."

**SHORT SERMONS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS.** By Jonathan Edmonston, A. M. With an Introduction: by Rev. J. P. Durbin, D. D. First American from the Fifth London Edition. Philadelphia: Sorin & Ball.—This is one of the most useful volumes of sermons which we have seen. The subjects are well chosen and well treated. Next to Wesley's and Bishop Morris' discourses, we consider them better adapted to our readers generally than any others. Dr. Clarke's sermons are too doctrinal and erudite; and Mr. Watson's have too much speculative thought and ornament of style for families. Edmonston's are perspicuous, brief, practical, and tend to awaken the careless, animate the sluggish, comfort the desponding, and build up the Christian in his most holy faith. They will be found useful on the winter evening, when the family have gathered around the cheerful hearth for devotion—on the Sabbath when the howling storm has hindered the pastor, or blocked up the way to the country meeting-house—when affliction has detained the family from the house of God, and under many other circumstances. We are not sure that this volume might not be beneficial to clergymen, especially of the junior class, who will be captivated by the characteristics which are impressed on all its pages—brevity, simplicity, utility.

**EVANGELICAL UNION.**—This is a semi-monthly, edited and published by Rev. Elisha Bates, and devoted to morality and religion. The editor, who writes nearly all he publishes, gives much attention to Christian union, temperance, and the other important questions of the day, whilst he opposes Deism, Fourierism, "science falsely so called," and every thing else that "opposeth or exalteth itself against the knowledge of God." Brother Bates has a mature mind, and a feeling, philanthropic heart, both of which are deeply imbued with the spirit of the Gospel, and we believe wholly consecrated

to its extension. His views are enlightened, philosophic, and Christian. We hope his work may have a wide circulation, and that it may be instrumental, in no small degree, in promoting the glory of God. No one acquainted with the editor of this unpretending sheet, will think that we praise too highly. It is indeed difficult to put too high an estimate upon the abilities, the virtues, and the sweet spirit of Elisha Bates. But he asks not our praises. We believe that he seeks "the honor that cometh from God" only, and that to heaven he looks for his reward; but while he lives to bless the Church, let us see that we derive for ourselves the benefit of his labors.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

### POISONING.

Xenia, March 3.

Mr. Editor,—In your last number, in illustrating the importance of chemistry, you referred to the subject of mineral poisons; but I notice that you omitted the most common and important of them, namely, arsenic. Will you tell us what is the antidote for this, if there is any antidote?

Yours, &c.,

A MATRON.

We did not intend to give a dissertation on toxicology when we penned our article, ("Chemistry for Girls,") but merely to give illustrations of the importance of chemical science. We omitted arsenic, because the antidote is not so generally at hand as in the cases we mentioned. For a long time no antidote was known; but, within a few years, an excellent one has been announced by some chemists of Gottingen. It is the hydrated per oxide of iron, an article which ought to be kept in the drug-shops everywhere. The process for making it, may be found in any of the recent works on pharmacy, or materia medica.\* If copperas, (sulphate of iron,) which has become red by exposure to the air, (that is, has become a per sulphate by absorbing oxygen from the atmosphere,) can be obtained, the process is easy: namely, add water of ammonia, and decant: the ammonia will unite with the sulphuric acid, and precipitate the per oxide, which should be kept in a moist state. It is amazing that we do not hear of more instances of accidental death from this virulent poison. Indeed, when we consider that it is often used for killing rats, dogs, &c.; that it is not unfrequently employed in medicine, (the "fowler's solution" of the physician, and the "tasteless ague drop" of the quack, are solutions of arsenic;) that the preparations used by cancer doctors generally owe their efficacy to this mineral; that it may be mistaken, in the form in which it is generally found, (that of acid,) for flour, or hair powder, and that its taste is not unpleasant, we can scarce refrain from believing that many instances of death, from this article, have occurred which have been traced to other causes. The material of the drug-shops improperly labeled "cobalt," is a crude arsenic, (probably an oxide.) It resembles very closely the sulphuretted or crude antimony, frequently given to horses to make their coats sleek, and has been sold for it by mistake, to the destruction of many fine horses. The same article is sold as "German Fly Powder," to destroy the troublesome insects that infest our houses in summer. When so used, it is generally dissolved in sweetened water, and placed in some accessible position, as if to tempt

\* See Harrison's Materia Medica, vol. 1, page 356.



children to destroy themselves. Perhaps, if the article were called by its right name, the dangerous and useless practice would be abandoned.

We might have alluded to a certain aerial poison which has caused much destruction to human life, especially in this region, where the earth, in many places, seems to be saturated with it. We refer to carbonic acid, which, owing to its greater specific gravity, is generally found in excavations, caves, and the lower stratum of the atmosphere. There are many points in which, if a deep excavation be made, it is filled with this gas in less than twenty-four hours. Hence, it is proper, before descending into deep wells, or shafts, to let down a lighted candle, which will be extinguished if the gas be present. The question arises, how are we to displace this gas after having ascertained its presence? There are two ways of doing this—absorption and agitation. The first may be effected by throwing down water; the second by mechanical means, such as letting down and drawing up bundles of straw, or throwing down burning straw, which, though it will not consume the gas, will heat it so as to create an upward current.

Carbonic acid is produced by combustion, respiration, and fermentation—processes everywhere going on; and it is astonishing that it was not discovered until within a few years. The celebrated metaphysician, John Locke, when, on a visit to France, he for the first time saw a bottle of champagne uncorked, immediately started the question whether the air emitted were the same as the atmosphere. Had he not been devoted to metaphysical researches, he would probably have soon discovered the difference. It is no less astonishing, that, notwithstanding its wide diffusion, people in general are not even now acquainted with its sources and properties. We once called upon an intelligent gentleman, who was confined on account of an accident, and who complained of symptoms to him altogether unaccountable. He was lying in a small, confined chamber, in which his amiable landlady had placed, from the best motives, a chafing dish of burning coals, from which his room had become almost insupportably surcharged with poisonous gas. Had he continued in the room until morning, and had the combustion continued, he would probably have been a corpse. Indeed, this is said to be a fashionable mode of committing suicide in France. Our readers have heard of the infamous "Black Hole" of Calcutta, and the famous Grotto del Cana of Italy; and yet, from some cause or other, there seems to be an invincible disposition among some to scorn instruction, or disregard danger. In many parts of our country the bedrooms are small apartments, without chimnies, on the ground floor, and with but a single small window or door. Around these dormitories you will find a quantity of flourishing vegetation, sufficient, even when the window is opened, almost to exclude fresh air. Circumstances better calculated to accumulate carbonic acid could scarce be conceived—a small room, confined air, growing vegetables; for although, during the day, vegetation absorbs carbonic acid and emits oxygen, during the night the process is reversed.

It is surprising that the elements of the atmosphere, when not confined, retain the same proportions in all situations. The chemist cannot detect the difference between the foul air of city lane and the pure atmosphere of the distant hill-top. Differences there are, inappreciable by our methods of analysis, but not in the

proportion of the principal elements. God has provided for consuming, under ordinary circumstances, the surplus carbonic acid as fast as it is generated, and so admirable are his adjustments for this purpose, that the hundred thousand fires, and the unnumbered fermentations, and the millions of lungs that are constantly at work in the crowded city, are unable to render its atmosphere irrespirable, or even to charge it with any more than a due proportion of carbonic acid. To our minds there is no more beautiful and convincing proof of divine Providence.

But what is to be done in case of suffocation from carbonic acid? Dash cold water upon the patient, and send for some person who knows better than I. Good night, madam!

**COLUMBUS INFIRMARY.**—We are happy to see, by a circular just received, that Dr. Howard has established an infirmary in Columbus, for the cure of surgical diseases. Such an institution was doubtless needed; and it will, we hope, be well sustained. The afflicted may safely intrust themselves to Dr. Howard.

**BALDWIN INSTITUTE.**—This institution will be opened on the ninth of the present month, under the superintendence of Rev. H. Dwight, late Principal of Norwalk Seminary. Board can be had at \$1 to \$1.25 per week, exclusive of lights and washing. Rooms can be had at \$2 per quarter. The institution is under the supervision of the North Ohio conference, and is located at Berea, Ohio. Long may it live and prosper! Its teachers are competent and worthy, its site healthful and beautiful, its debts, we suppose, are but nominal, while its resources are sufficient for all reasonable wants.

**SANDUSKY CITY HIGH SCHOOL** is a new but flourishing seminary, under the management of a very competent and energetic gentleman, Mr. Heustiss, formerly connected with the Norwalk Seminary.

#### THE HORRORS.

Lorain county.

Dear Friend,—“I wonder,” said a good lady the other day, when speaking of you, “if the Doctor can't tell us what is good for the horrors.” As you never have this troublesome complaint, you can probably give us something theoretically on this subject.

W. J.

The term “horrors,” we suppose, our correspondent uses in the generic sense, comprehending all grades of mental depression, from “brown study” to *tedium vite*. If so, he pays us too high a compliment in supposing that we are wholly exempt from the disorder. He would not have done so, if he had seen us the other day, when a gentleman stepped up to us and said, “Stranger, aint you troubled with *dyspepsuary*?” We are not aware that the disease in question is hereditary. However, the lass of sallow complexion, spare habit, and dark eyes should be on her guard. At the request of our friend, we make a few observations on the causes and cure of the affection.

#### Its causes.

1. Disease, particularly of the digestive apparatus. This is a common cause. In civilized life, owing to bad habits, few appetites are healthful—few hearts beat, for any length of time, the proper number of pulsations—few brains radiate the proper nervous influence in due proportion; and such is the intimate connection between the soul and the body, that the one cannot be disturbed without, in some degree, disquieting the other. A young gentleman, afflicted with disease of the liver,

started from this city to return home. His first day's journey was performed under a clouded sky, and through a gloomy forest. When he dismounted at night, he wrote to his friends in this city that he was dying; and after giving general directions as to the disposition of his goods, he requested that they would remove his remains to Cincinnati. The next day was delightful. His spirits having recovered, he continued his journey; and whilst his friends were preparing to bury him, he was at home, complaining of being much better.

2. Debt, another common cause in this country, where every body is eagerly pursuing wealth, and where the credit system, so generally adopted, affords facilities to enterprise and speculation. Some conscientiousness, however, is necessary that this cause may produce horrors.

3. Prosperity. We read of one who, when his fields had brought forth an abundant harvest, was plunged into distress, and cried out, "What shall I do?" He knew not where to bestow his fruits and his goods, and resolved to put himself to additional trouble, by tearing down old barns and putting up new ones. A Grecian philosopher once received a present of silver from a friend. After sitting up two nights in succession to guard it, he returned it, saying that he must decline so troublesome a charge. During the period of the South Sea speculation, when fortunes were often made and lost in a day, insanity became prevalent; but its subjects were the successful, not the unfortunate. It is pretty certain that the speculation of our time and country has done more harm, both in character and happiness, to those whom it has enriched, than to those whom it has beggared. To most men it is hard to dispose of surplus wealth, and harder still to keep it. Every additional dollar increases care, responsibility, and trouble. "Give me neither poverty nor riches."

4. Bereavement. What an affecting picture of horrors is the following: "And Jacob rent his clothes, and put sackcloth upon his loins, and mourned for his son many days. And all his sons and all his daughters rose up to comfort him: and he said, For I will go down into the grave unto my son mourning." How completely did bereavement overcome David! The king, the warrior, the chieftain seems buried in the father when he hears the news of Absalom's death. "He went up to the chamber of the gate and wept: and as he went, thus he said, O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom, would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!"

5. Disappointment. The tree that has defied the storm, may wither under the gnawings of an unseen worm. How many a one droops, of whom it may be said, "She never told her love!"

6. Idleness. The mind is apt to prey upon itself when not actually employed. Some of the worst cases of melancholy are found in individuals who, after a life of activity, have retired to enjoy themselves, but have carried with them no taste for study, or the invigorating pastimes of the forest. Itinerant preachers and lawyers on the frontier, who ride from county to county, and judges who have long traveled "a circuit," are very likely to be the subjects of this affecting state of mind, when they retire from duty. Home for them has not sufficient excitement.

7. Late hours and dissipation; but this concerns not the ladies.

8. Sin. We believe Mr. Wesley was right when he

said that melancholy is often nothing more than the influence of the Divine Spirit upon the soul, convincing it of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment to come. Conscience had much to do with the handwriting upon the wall which shook Belshazzar, and with the ghastly face of Symmachus, which rose from the fish upon the vision of Theodoric, and in a few days drove him to his tomb. The gloom which invested the solitude of Charles IX of France, can be explained by the Bartholomew massacre, while the tears which fell from the eyes of Queen Elizabeth in the seasons of silent retirement in which she indulged toward the close of her brilliant career, can be accounted for by some bloody tragedies of her reign.

But we must refer to the *means of cure*.

1. Medicine, where it is necessary; but the cases which require it are few.

2. Endeavor to make a proper estimate of all things—of time, eternity, the soul, the body, the present world and that which is to come. Seneca said, "I enjoy my friends and goods as not possessing them. I lose them as about to receive them again." How small do the fluctuations of fortune appear to the dying man, or the wise man!

3. Sensible cheerful society—I do not mean trifling or boisterous. Excessive mirth is usually injurious to the hypochondriac; for it is unsuitable to her ordinary feelings, and even if it arouse her from her despondency for the moment, it will be followed by deeper depression. There is generally much conscientiousness and a strong tendency to self-reproach in melancholy persons. It is often necessary to yield much to them, and when it is requisite to resist their caprices, it should be done, though with firmness, yet with great kindness and sympathy. Let every thing be done to excite gratitude, to awaken hope, and to arouse within the soul joyful but serene emotions.

4. In most cases, little can be done without *regulated diet and exercise*. If the subject be intemperate, let her become sober: if an epicure, she must refrain from the pleasures of the table: if idle, she must employ herself in useful labor or healthful amusement: if she has trimmed the midnight lamp, and slumbered beneath the rising morn, she must learn to sink to rest with summer sun, and brush the dew from morning flowers. Sometimes it is necessary to change the patient's occupations and pursuits, and send her on a journey, with an interesting object in view.

5. A diary should be kept by the hypochondriac, from which she would learn how groundless are many of her suspicions, and her apprehensions of evil, and thus begin to shake off instead of harbor the gloomy thoughts and forebodings which harass her.

6. We must bear in mind our ill deserts, and reflect how much less we suffer than we deserve.

7. If we feel our sin, we must repent and believe. Religion is the grand panacea for human ills. Greatly do they err who would drive the gloomy mind from religious reflections. Though false religion has often made men maniacs, true religion has an opposite tendency. If you wish to derange a timid, desponding, and convicted mind, there is no surer way to do it than by alluring it to the scenes of fashionable folly, and depriving it of religious society and books. The only cure is to be found in the exhibition of the Savior's cross.

8. Finally, a most excellent remedy, in all cases, is to go to the bedside of affliction, or the home of poverty and distress, and endeavor to relieve.







Designed by H. H. H.

Engraved by E. G. G.

The Mill